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No. 328.

JUNE ROSES.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

There's a gleam of red in the garden,
And a breath of balm on the breeze
And I know that the sweet June roses
Are blossoming under the trees.
Of all the flowers of the summer
None are so sweet as these.

But there comes a pain with the fragrance Out of the heart of the rose; A memory, tender with sorrow, Of one who no sorrow knows, Who walked with me, only last summer, And gave me a red June rose.

And she gave me her heart with the flower.
Oh, never a flower that blows
Is sweet as the heart of my darling,
That she gave me with a rose.
Darling, the blossoms have faded,
But your heart no fading knows!

I bend o'er these royal blossoms,
A-swing by the garden-wall,
And my heart is astir in my bosom
As if it heard your call.
Where are you, oh, my darling,
Sweetest June rose of all?

Oh, my love! like a summer blossom You died—as these roses will. Died, but the heart you gave me I hold in my keeping still! I shall keep it forever and ever; Mine through all good and ill!

But I fancy each fallen blossom
Will some day blossom again,
And the hopes that died with the roses,
Like the hopes of so many men,
Will come back in the June of Heaven,
And then, oh, my darling—then!

LA MASQUE,

The Vailed Sorceress:

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE COURT PAGE. The search was given over at last in despair, and the doctor took his hat and disappeared. Sir Norman and Ormiston stopped in the lower hall and looked at each other in mute amaze.

"What can it all mean?" asked Ormiston, appealing more to society at large than to his bewildered

ing more to society at large than to his bewildered companion.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Sir Norman, distractedly; "only I am pretty certain, if I don't find her, I shall do something so desperate that the plague will be a trifle compared to it!"

"It seems almost impossible that she can have been carried off—doesn't it?"

"If she has!" exclaimed Sir Norman, "and I find out the abductor, he won't have a whole bone in his body two minutes after!"

"And yet more impossible that she can have gone of herself," pursued Ormiston, with the air of one entering upon an abstruse subject, and taking no heed whatever of his companion's marginal notes.

"Gone of herself! Is the man crazy?" inquired Sir Norman, with a stare. "Fifteen minutes before, we left her dead, or in a dead swoon, which is all the same in Greek, and yet he talks of her getting up and going off herself!"

"In fact, the only way to get at the bottom of the mystery," said Ormiston, "is to go in search of her.

up and going off herself!"

"In fact, the only way to get at the bottom of the mystery," said Ormiston, "is to go in search of her. Sleeping, I suppose, is out of the question."

"Of course it is! I shall never sleep again till I find her!"

They passed out, and Sir Norman this time took the precaution of turning the key, thereby fulfilling the adage of locking the stable door when the steed was stolen. The night had grown darker and hotter; and as they walked along the clock of St. Paul's tolled nine.

"And now where shall we got it increases."

"And now, where shall we go?" inquired Sir Norman, as they rapidly hurried on.
"I should recommend visiting the house where we found her first; if not there, then we can try the past-house."

"And now, where shall we go?" inquired Sir Norman, as they rapidly hurried on.

"I should recommend visiting the house where we found her first; if not there, then we can try the pest-house."

Sir Norman shuddered.
"Heaven forefend she should be there! It is the most mysterious thing ever I heard of!"

"What do you think now of La Masque's prediction—dare you doubt still?"

"Ormiston, I don't know what to think. It is the same face I saw, and yet—"

"Well—and yet?"

"I can't tell you—I am fairly bewildered. If we don't find the lady at her own house, I have half a mind to apply to your friend, La Masque, again."

"The wisest thing you could do, my dear fellow. If any one knows your unfortunate beloved's whereabouts, it is La Masque, depend upon it."

"That's settled, then; and now, don't talk, for conversation at this smart pace I don't admire."

Ormiston, like the amiable, obedient young man that he was, instantly held his tongue, and they strode along at a breathless pace. There was an unusual concourse of men abroad that night, watching the gloomy face of the sky, and waiting the hour of midnight to kindle the myriad of fires; and as the two tall, dark figures went rapidly by, all supposed it to be a case of life or death. In the eyes of one of the party, perhaps it was; and neither halted till they came once more in sight of the house, whence a short time previously they had carried the death-cold bride. A row of lamps over the door-portals shed a yellow, uncertain light around, while the lights of barges and wherries were sown like stars along the river.

"There is the house," orde Ormiston, and both paused to take breath; "and I am about at the last gasp. I wonder if your pretty mistress would feel grateful if she knew what I have come through tonight for her sweet sake?"

The door of the house in question opened, as he spoke, and a figure—a man's figure, wearing a slouched hat and long, dark cloak, came slowly out. He stopped before the house and looked at it long and earnestly; and, by the twinking ligh



"So, Sir Knight-for such I perceive you are-you are anxious to know something of that old ruin yonder?"

"Can you tell me, my friend," began the cloaked unknown, "what has become of the people residing in yonder house?"

The watchman held his lamp up to the face of the interlocutor—a handsome face by the way, what could be seen of it—and indulged himself in a prolonged survey.

"Well" said the gentleman, impatiently, "have you no tongue, fellow? Where are they, I say?"

"Blessed if I know," said the watchman. "I wasn't set here to keep guard over them, was I? It looks like it, though," said the man, in parenthesis; "for this makes twice to-night I ve been asked questions about it."

is about it."

Ah!" said the gentleman, with a slight start.
ho asked you before, pray?"
Two young gentlemen; lords, I expect, by their
ss. Somebody ran screaming out of the house,

and they wanted to know what was wrong."
"Well?" said the stranger, breathlessly, "and

"Well?" said the stranger, breathlessly, "and then?"
"And then, as I couldn't tell them, they went in to see for themselves, and shortly after came out with a body wrapped in a sheet, which they put in a pest-cart going by, and had it buried, I suppose, with the rest in the plague-pit."

The stranger fairly staggered back, and caught at a pillar near for support. For nearly ten minutes he stood perfectly motionless, and then, without a word, started up and walked rapidly away. The friends looked after him curiously till he was out of sight.

riends looked after him curiously till he was out of sight.

"So she is not there," said Ormiston; "and our mysterious friend in the cloak is as much at a loss as we are ourselves. Where shall we go next—to La Masque or the pest-house?"

"To La Masque—I hate the idea of the pest-house?"

La Masque or the pest-house?"

"To La Masque—I hate the idea of the pest-house!"

"She may be there, nevertheless; and, under present circumstances, it is the best place for her.

"Don't talk of it!" said Sir Norman, impatiently. "I do not and will not believe she is there. If the sorceress shows her to me in the caldron again I verily believe! I shall jump in headforemost."

"And I verily believe we will not find La Masque at home. She wanders through the streets at all hours, but particularly affects the night."

"We shall try, however. Come along!"
The house of the sorceress was but a short distance from that of Sir Norman's plague-stricken lady-love's; and, shod with a sort of seven-league boots, they soon reached it. Like the other, it was all dark and deserted.

"This is the house," said Ormiston, looking at it doubtfully, "but where is La Masque?"

"Here!" said a silvery voice at his elbow; and, turning round, they saw a tall, slender figure, cloaked, hooded and masked. "Surely, you two do not want me again to-night?"

Both gentlemen doffed their plumed hats, and simultaneously bowed.

"Fortune favors us," said Sir Norman. "Yes, madam, it is even so; once again to-night we would tax your skill."

"Well, what do you wish to know?"

"Madamo, we are in the street."

"Sir, I'm aware of that. Pray proceed."

"Will you not have the goodness to permit us to enter?" said Sir Norman, inclined to feel offended. "How can you tell us what we wish to know, here?"

here?"
"That is my secret," said the sweet voice
"Probably Sir Norman Kingsley wishes to know
something of the fair lady I showed him some time

ago?"
"Madam, you've guessed it. It is for that purpose I have sought you now."
"Then you have seen her already?"
"I have."
"And love her?"
"With all my heart."
"A rapid flame," said the musical voice, in a tone that had just a thought of sarcasm, "for one of whose very existence you did not dream two hours ago."

ours ago."

"Madame La Masque," said Norman, flushed and haughty, "love is not a question of time."

"Sir Norman Kingsley, 'said the lady, somewhat sadly, "I am aware of that. Tell me what you wish to know, and if it be in my power, you shall know the control of the control o

it."
A thousand thanks! Tell me, then, is she whom I seek living or dead?"
"She is alfre.'
"She has the plague?" said Sir Norman.
"I know it."
"Will she recover?'
"She will."
"Where is she now?"
La Masque hesitated and seemed uncertain whether or not to reply. Sir Norman passionately broke in:

whether to the telpy. But working probables, broke in:

"Tell me, madam, for I must know!"

"Then you shall; but, remember, if you get into danger, you must not blame me."

"Blame you! No, I think I would hardly do that.

Where am I to seek for her?"

"Two miles from London, beyond Newgate," said the mask, "there stands the ruins of what was long ago a hunting-lodge, now a crumbling skeleton, reoffess and windowless, and said, by rumor, to be haunted. Perhaps you have seen or heard of it?"

man stifled a cry of amazement—for both recognized that beautiful, colorless face, those perfect features, and great, black, lustrous eyes. It was rooffess and windowless, and said, by rumor, to be haunted. Perhaps you have seen or heard of it?"

"Am I san an mad?" inquired Six Norway lock."

Norman. "Surely, you do not mean to say she is there!"

"Go there, and you will see. Go there to-night, and lose no time—that is, supposing you can procure a license."

"I have one already. I have a pass from the lord mayor to come and go from the city when I please."

"Good! Then you'll go to night?"

"Good! Then you'll go to-night?"
"I will go. I might as well do that as anything lse, I suppose; but it is quite impossible," said Sir

else, I suppose; but it is quite impossible, 'said Sir Norman, firmly, not to say obstinately, 'that she can be there.'

"Very well—you'll see. You had better go on horseback, if you desire to be back in time to witness the illumination."

"I don't particularly desire to see the illumination, as I know of; but I will ride, nevertheless. What am I to do when I get there?"

"You will enter the ruins, and go on till you discover a spiral staircase leading to what was once the vaults. The flags of these vaults are loose from age, and if you should desire to remove any of them you will probably not find it an impossibility."

of them you will probably not find it an impossibility."

"Why should I desire to remove them?" asked Sir Norman, who felt dubious, and disappointed, and inclined to be dogmatical.

"Why, you may see a glimmering of light—hear strange noises; and, if you remove the stones, may possibly see strange sights. As I told you before, it is rumored to be haunted, which is true enough, though not in the way they suspect; and so the fools and the common herd stay away."

"And if I am discovered peeping like a rascally valet, what will be the consequences?"

"Very unpleasant ones to you; but you need not be discovered if you take care. Ah! Look there!"

not be discovered if you take care. Ah! Look there!"

She pointed to the river, and both her companions looked. A barge gayly painted and decorated, with a light in prow and stern, came gliding up among less pretentious craft, and stopped at the toot of a flight of stairs leading to the bridge. It contained four persons—the carsman, two cavaliers sitting in the stern, and a lad in the rich livery of a court page in the act of springing out. Nothing very wonderful in all this; and Sir Norman and Ormiston looked at her for an explanation.

"Do you know those two gentlemen?" she asked.
"Certainly," replied Sir Norman, promptly; "one is the Duke of York, the other the Earl of Rochester."

"And that page, to which of them does he belong?"

"And that page, to which of them does he belong?"
"The page!" said Sir Norman, with a stare, as he leaned forward to look; "pray, madam, what has the page to do with it?"
"Look and see!"
The two peers had ascended the stairs, and were already on the bridge. The page loitered behind, talking, as it seemed, to the waterman.
"He wears the livery of the Earl of Rochester," said Ormiston, speaking for the first time, "but I cannot see his face."
"He will follow presently, and be sure you see it then! Possibly you may not find it entirely new to you."

then! Possibly you may not mud it entirely new to you."

She drew back into the shadow as she spoke; and the two nobles, as they advanced, talking earnestly, beheld Sir Norman and Ormiston. Both raised their hats with a look of recognition, and the salute was courteously returned.

"Good-night, gentlemen," said Lord Rochester; "a hot evening, is it not? Have you come here to witness the illumination?"

"Hardly," said Sir Norman; "we have come for a very different purpose, my lord."

"The fires will have one good effect, "said Ormiston, laughing; "if they clear the air and drive away this stifling atmosphere."

"Pray God they drive away the plague!" said the Duke of York, as he and his companion passed from view.

Duke of York, as he and his companion passed from view.

The page sprung up the stairs after them, humming, as he came, one of his master's love-ditties—songs, saith tradition, savoring anything but the odor of sanctity. With the warning of La Masque fresh in their minds, both looked at him earnestly. His gay livery was that of Lord Rochester, and became his graceful figure well, as he marched along with a jaunty swagger, one hand on his side, and the other toying with a beautiful little spaniel that frisked in open violation of the lord mayor's orders, commanding all dogs, great and small, to be put to death as propagators of the pestilence. In passing, the lad turned his face toward them for a moment—a bright, saucy, handsome face it was—and the next instant he went round an angle and disappeared. Ormiston suppressed an oath. Sir Nor-

pit.

"Am I sane or mad?" inquired Sir Norman, looking helplessly about him for information. "Surely that is she we are in search of."

"It certainly is!" said Ormiston. "Where are the wonders of this night to end?"

"Satan and La Masque only know; for they both seem to have united to drive me mad. Where is she?"

she?"
"Where, indeed?" said Ormiston; "where is last year's snow?" And Sir Norman, looking round at the spot where she had stood a moment before, found that she, too, had disappeared.

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRANGER.

THE STRANGER.

THE two friends looked at each other in impressive silence for a moment, and spake never a word. Not that they were astonished—they were long past the power of that emotion; and if a cloud had dropped from the sky at their feet, they would probably have looked at it passively, and vaguely wondered if the rest would follow. Sir Norman, especially, had sunk into a state of mind that words are faint and feeble to describe. Ormiston, not being quite so far gone, was the first to open his lips.

"Upon my honor, Sir Norman, this is the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. That certainly was the face of our half-dead bride! What, in the name of all the gods, can it mean, I wonder?"

"I have given up wondering," said Sir Norman, in the same helpless tone. "And if the earth was to open and swallow London up, I should not be the least surprised. One thing is certain: the lady we are seeking and that page are one and the same."

"And yet La Masque told you that she was two miles from the city, in the haunted ruin; and La Masque most assuredly knows."

"I have no doubt she is there. I shall not be the least astonished if I find her in every street between this and Newgate."

"Really, it is a most singular affair! First you see her in the magic caldron; then we find her dead; then, when within an ace of being buried, she comes to life; then we leave her lifeless as a marble statue, shut up ln your room, and, fifteen minutes after, she vanishes as mysteriously as a fairy in a nursery legend. And, lastly, she turns up in the shape of a court-page, and swaggers along London Bridge at this hour of the night, chanting a love-song. Faith! twould puzzle the sphinx herself to read this ridde, I've a notion!"

it would puzzle the sphinx herself to read this riddle, I've a notion!'

"I, for one, shall never try to read it," said Sir Norman. "I am about tired of this labyrinth of mysteries, and shall leave time and La Masque to unravel them at their leisure."

"Then you mean to give up the pursuit?"

"Not exactly. I love this mysterious beauty too well to do that; and when next I find her, be it where it may, I shall take care she does not slip so easily through my fingers: "

"I can not forget that page," said Ormiston, musingly. "It is singular, since he wears the Earl of Rochester's livery, that we have never seen him before among his followers. Are you quite sure, Sir Norman, that you have not?"

"Seen him? Don't be absurd, Ormiston! Do you think! could ever forget such a face as that?"

"It would not be easy, I confess. One does not see such every day. And yet—and yet—it is most extraordinary!"

"It shall are Rochester about him the first this

ee such every tag, warrandinary!"
"I shall ask Rochester about him the first thing o-morrow; and unless he is, an optical illusion—which I vow I half-believe is the case—I will come to the truth in spite of your demoniac friend, La

which I vow I half-believe is the case—I will come at the truth in spite of your demoniac friend, La Masque!"

"Then you do not mean to look for him to-night?"

"Look for him? I might as well look for a needle in a haystack. Not I! I have promised La Masque to visit the eld ruins, and there I shall go forthwith. Will you accompany me?"

"I think not. I have a word to say to La Masque; and you and she kept talking so busily, I had no chance to put it in."

Sir Norman laughed.

"Besides, I have no doubt it is a word you would not like to utter in the presence of a third party, even though that third party be your friend and Pythias, Kingsley. Do you mean to stay here like a plague-sentinel until she returns?"

"Possibly; or if I get tired I may set out in search of her. When do you return?"

"The Fates, that seem to make a foot-ball of my best affections, and kick them as they please, only know. If nothing happens—which, being interpreted, means, if I am still in the land of the living—I shall surely be back by daybreak."

"And I shall be anxious about that time to hear the result of your night's adventure; so where shall we meet?"

"And Is all the anxious about that time to hear the result of your night's adventure; so where shall we meet?"
"Why not here? it is as good a place as any."
"With all my heart. Where do you propose get-ting a horse?"

"At the King's Arms—not a stone s throw from here. Farewell."

"Good-night, and God speed you!" said Ormston. And wrapping his cloak close about him, he leaned against the doorway, and, watching the dancing lights on the river, prepared to await the return of La Masque.

With his head full of the adventures and misadventures of the night, Sir Norman walked thoughtfully on until he reached the King's Arms—a low inn on the bank of the river. To his dismay he found the house shut up, and bearing the dismal mark and inscription of the pestilence. While he stood contemplating it in perplexity, a watchman, on guard before another plague-stricken house, advanced and informed him that the whole family had perished of the disease, and that the landlord himself, the last survivor, had been carried off not twenty minutes before to the plague-pit.

"But," added the man, seeing Sir Norman's look of annoyance, and being informed what he wanted, "there are two or three horses around there in the stable, and you may as well help yourself; for if you don't take them, somebody else will."

This philosophic logic struck Sir Norman as being so extremely reasonable, that without more ado ne stepped round to the stables and selected the best if contained. Before proceeding on his journey, it occurred to him that, heap become an injury on his horse like a second Don Quixots are injuried. The propose and provided himself also with a stepped into a neighboring apothecary's shop for that purpose, and provided himself also with a stepped into a neighboring apothecary's shop for that purpose, and provided himself also with a stepped into a neighboring apothecary's shop for that purpose, and provided himself also with a stepped into a neighboring apothecary's shop for that purpose, and provided himself also with a stepped into a neighboring apothecary's shop for that purpose, and provided himself also with a stepped into a neighboring apothecary's chop for the many a miscrable victim for a short time, were of rather a dismal character; for

able and lover-like resolution, he had got on about a mile further, when he was suddenly checked in his rapid career by an exciting, but in no way surprising little incident.

During the last few yards, Sir Norman had come within sight of another horseman, riding on at rather a leisurely pace, considering the place and the hour. Suddenly, three other horsemen came galloping down upon him, and the leader, presenting a pistol at his head, requested him in a stentorian voice for his money or his life. By way of reply, the stranger instantly produced a pistol of his own, and before the astonished highwayman could comprehend the possibility of such an act, discharged it full in his face. With a loud yell the robber reeled and fell from his saddle, and in a twinkling both his companions fired their pistols at the traveler, and bore, with a simultaneous cry of rage, down upon him. Neither of the shots had taken effect, but the two enraged highwaymen would have made short work of their victim had not Sir Norman, like a true knight, ridden to the rescue. Drawing his sword, with one vigorous blow he placed another of the assassins hore decombat; and, delighted with the idea of a fight to stir his stagnant blood, was turning (like a second St. George at the Dragon) upon the other, when that individual, thinking discretion the better part of valor, instantaneously turned tail and fied. The whole brisk little episode had not occupied five minutes, and Sir Norman was scarcely aware the fight had begun before it had triumphantly ended.

"Short, sharp and decisive!" was the stranger's cool criticism, as he deliberately wiped his bloodstained sword and placed it in a velvet scabbard. "Our friends, there, got more than they bargained for, I fancy. Though, but for you, sir," he said, politely raising his hat and bowing, "I should probably have been ere this in heaven, or—the other place."

Sir Norman, deeply edified by the easy sang froid of the speaker, turned to take a second look at him. There was very little light; for the ni

reins, and glancing slightly at his companion, spoke again:

"I should thank you for saving my life, I suppose, but thanking people is so little in my line that I scarcely know how to set about it. Perhaps, my dear sir, you will take the will for the deed."

"An original, this," thought Sir Norman, "whoever he is." Then aloud: "Pray don't trouble yourself about thanks, sir. I should have done precisely the same for the highwaymen, had you been three to one over them."

"I don't doubt it in the least; nevertheless, I feel grateful, for you have saved my life all the same, and you have never seen me before."

"There you are mistaken," said Sir Norman, quietly, "I had the pleasure of seeing you scarce an hour ago."

"Ah!" said the stranger, in an altered tone, "and where?"

"An!" said the stranger, in an attered tone, "and where?"
"On London Bridge,"
"I did not see you."
"Very likely, but I was there none the less."
"Do you know me?" said the stranger; and Sir Norman could see he was gazing at him sharply from under the shadow of his slouched hat,
"I have not that honor, but I hope to do so before we part."
"It was quite dark when you saw me on the bridge—how comes it, then, that you recollect me so well?"
"I have always been blessed with an excellent memory," said Sir Norman, carelessly, "and I knew your dress, face and voice instantly."

"My voice! Then you heard me speak-probably to the watchman guarding a plague-stricken

"Exactly! and the subject being a very interest-

"Exactly! and the subject being a very meetesting one, I listened to all you said.
"Indeed! and what possible interest could the subject have for you, may I ask?
"A deeper one than you think! said Sir Norman, with a slight tremor in his voice as he thought of the lady, "the watchman told you the lady you sought for had been carried away dead, and thrown into the plague-pit!"
"Well, cried the stranger, starting violently, "and was it not true?"

"Only partly. She was carried away in the pest-cart sure enough, but she was not thrown into the

"And why?"

"Because, when on reaching that horrible spot, she was found to be alive!"

"Good Heaven! And what then?"

"Good Heaven! And what then?"

"Then! exclaimed Sir Norman, in a tone almost as excited as his own, "she was brought to the house of a friend, and left alone for a few minutes, while that friend went in search of a doctor. On returning they found her—where do you think!"

"'Where?"
"Gone!' said Sir Norman, emphatically, "spirited away by some mysterious agency; for she was dying of the plague, and could not possibly stir hand or foot herself." Where?"

hand or foot herself."
"Dying of the plague, oh, Leoline!" said the stranger, in a voice full of pity and horror, while for a moment he covered his face with his hands.
"So her name is Leoline?" said Sir Norman to himself, "I have found that out, and also that this gentleman, whatever he may be to her, is as ignorant of her whereabouts as I am myself. He seems in trouble, too. I wonder if he really happens to be her husband?

The stranger anddenly lifted him.

her husband?
The stranger suddenly lifted his head and favored Sir Norman with a long and searching look.
"How come you to know all this, Sir Norman Kingaley?" he asked, abruptly.
"And how come you to know my name?" demanded Sir Norman, very much amazed, notwithstanding his assertion that nothing would astonish him more.

more.
"That is of no consequence! Tell me how you've learned all this?" repeated the stranger, in a tone learned all this?' repeated the stranger, in a tone of almost stern authority.

Sir Norman started and stared. That voice! he had heard it a thousand times! It had evidently been disguised before; but now, in the excitement of the moment, the stranger was thrown off his guard, and it became perfectly familiar. But where had he heard it? For the lite of him, Sir Norman could not tell, yet it was as well known to him as his own. It had the tone, too, of one far more used to command than entreaty; and Sir Norman, instead of getting angry, as he felt he ought to have done, mechanically answered:

"The watchman told you of two young men who brought her out and laid her in the dead-cart—I was one of the two."

"And who was the other?"

one of the two.

"And who was the other?"

"A friend of mine—one Malcolm Ormiston."

"Ah! I know him! Pardon my abruptness, Sir
Norman, "said the stranger, once more speaking in
his assumed suave tone, "but I feel deeply on this
subject, and was excited at the moment. You
spoke of her being brought to the house of a friend
now, who may that friend be, for I was not aware
that she had any?

"So I judged, said Sir Norman, rather bitterly,
"or she would not have been left to die alone of
the plague. She was brought to my house, sir, and
I am the friend who would have stood by her to the
last!"

last!"
Sir Norman sat up very straight and haughty on
his horse; and had it been daylight he would have
seen a slight derisive smile pass over the lips of his

companion.

"I have always heard that Sir Norman Kingsley was a chivalrous inright," he said; "but I scareely dreamed his gallantry would have carried him so far as to brave death by the pestilence for the sake of an unknown lady—however beautiful. I wonder you did not carry her to the pest-house."

"No doubt! Those who could desert her at such a time would probably be capable of that or any other baseness!"

other baseness!

"My good friend," said the stranger, calmly,
"your insinuation is not over-courteous, but I can
forgive it, more for the sake of what you we done
for her to-night than for myself."

Sir Norman's lip curled.

Sir Norman's lip curled.

"I'm obliged to you! And now, sir, as you have seen fit to question me in this free and easy manner, will you pardon me if I take the liberty of returning the compliment, and ask you a few in return."

ner, will you parton me har and ask you a few in returning the compliment, and ask you a few in return?"
"Certainly; pray proceed, Sir Norman," said the stranger, blandly; "you are at liberty to ask as many questions as you please, and—so am I to answer them!"
"I answered all yours unbesitatingly, and you owe it to me to do the same,' said Sir Norman, somewhat haughtily. "In the first place, you have an advantage of me which I neither understand nor relish; so, to place us on equal terms, will you have the goodness to tell me your name?
"Most assuredly! My name," said the stranger, with glib airiness, "is Count L'Estrange."
"A name unknown to me," said sir Norman, with a piercing look, "and equally unknown, I believe, at Whitehall. There is a Lord L Estrange in London; but you and he are certainly not one and the same.

almost gayly—"a circumstance I regret, but canno help. Is there anything else Sir Norman wishes to

know?

"If you do not answer my questions truthfully,
there is little use in my asking them," said Sir Norman, bluntly. "Do you mean to say you are a for-

eigner?"
"Sir Norman Kingsley is at perfect liberty to answer that question as he pleases,' replied the stranger, with most provoking indifference.

Sir Norman's eye flashed, and his hand fell on his sword; but, reflecting that the count might find it sword; but, reflecting that the count might find it. sword; but, reflecting that the count might find it inconvenient to answer any more questions it he ran him through, he restrained himself and

went on:
"Sir, you are impertinent, but that is of no consequence, just now. Who was that lady—what
was her name?"

"Leoline."
"Was she your wife?"
The stranger paused for a moment, as if reflecting whether she was or not, and then said, medita-

tively: 'No-I don't know as she was. On the whole, I am pretty sure she was not.

Sir Norman felt as if a ton weight had been suddenly hoisted from the region of his heart.

"Was she anybody alse's wife?"

"I think not. I'm inclined to think that, except myself, she did not know another man in London."

don."

"Then why was she dressed as a bride?" inquired Sir Norman, rather mystified.

"Was she? My poor Leoline!" said the stranger, sadly. "Because—" he hesitated, "because—in short, Sir Norman," said the stranger, decidedly, "I

decline answering any more questions!"
"I shall find out for all that," said Sir Norman;
"and here I shall bid you good-night, for this by path leads to my destination.'
"Good-night," said the stranger, "and be care

ful, Sir Norman—remember, the plague is abroad.

"And so are highwaymen! celled Sir Norman after him, a little maliciously; but a careless laugh
from the stranger was the only reply as he galloped

CHAPTER V

CHAPTER V.

THE DWARF AND THE RUIN.

THE by-path down which Sir Norman rode, led to an inn, "The Golden Crown," about a quarter of a mile from the ruin. Not wishing to take his horse lest it should lead to discovery, he proposed leaving it here till his return; and, with this intention, and the strong desire for a glass of wine—for the heat and his ride made him extremely thirsty—he dismounted at the door, and consigning the conheat and his ride made him extendery thristy—me dismounted at the door, and consigning the animal to the care of a hostler, he entered the barroom. It was not the most inviting place in the world, this same bar-room—being illy-lighted, dim with tobacco-smoke, and pervaded by a strong spirituous essence, of stronger drinks than malt of with tobacco-smoke, and pervaded by a strong spirituous essence, of stronger drinks than malt or cold water. A number of men were loitering about, smoking, drinking and discussing the all-absorbing topic of the plague, and the fires that might be kindled. There was a moment s pause as Sir Norman entered, took a seat and called for a glass of sack, and then the conversation went on as before. The landlord hastened to supply his wants by placing a glass and a bottle of wine before him, and Sir Norman fell to helping himself, and to ruminating deeply on the events of the night. Bather melancholy these ruminations were, though to do the young gentleman justice sentimental melancholy was not at all in his line; but then you will please to recollect he was in love, and when people come to that state they are no longer to be held responsible either for their thoughts or actions. It is true his attack had been a rapid one, but it was no less severe for that; and if any evil-minded critic is disposed to sneer at the suddenness of the disorder, I have only to say, that I know from observation, not to speak of experience, that love at first sight is a lamentable fact, and no myth.

perience, that love at first sight is a lamentable fact, and no myth.

Love is not a plant that requires time to flourish, but is quite capable of springing up like the gourd of Jonah, full grown in a moment. Our young friend, Sir Norman, had not been aware of the existence of the object of his affections for a much longer space than two hours and a half, yet he had alm ady got to such a pitch, that if he did not speedils and her, he felt he would do something so desi

perate as to shake society to its utmost foundations. The very mystery of the affair spurred him on, and the romantic way in which she had been found, saved and disappeared, threw such a halo of interest round her, that he was inclined to think sometimes she was nothing but a shining vision from another world. Those dark, splendid eyes; that lovely, marble-like face; those wavy ebon tresses; that exquisitely exquisite figure; yes, he felt they were all a great deal too perfect for this imperfect and wicked world. Sir Norman was in a very bad way, beyond doubt, but no worse than millions of young men before and after him; and he heaved a great many profound sighs, and drank a great many glasses of seek, and came to the sorrowful conclusion that Dame Fortune was a malicious jade, inclined to poke fin at his best affections, and make a shuttlecock of his heart for the rest of his life. He thought, too, of Count L Estrange; and the longer he thought, the more he became convinced that he knew him well, and had met him often. But where? He racked his brain until, between love, Leoline and the count, he got that delicate organ into such a maze of bewilderment and distraction, that he felt he would be case of congestion, shortly, if he did not give it up. That the count s voice was not the only thing about him assumed he was positive; and he mentally called over the muster-roll of his past friends, who spent half their time at Whitehall, and the other half going through the streets, making love to the honest citizens pretty wives and daughters; but none of them answered to Count L'Estrange. He could scarcely be a foreigner—he spoke English with too perfect an accent to be that; and then he knew him, sir Norman, as if he had been his brother. In short, there was no use driving himself in sane trying to read so unreadable a riddie; and, inwardly consigning the mysterious count to Old Nick, he swallowed another glass of sack, and quit thinking about him.

So absorbed had Sir Norman been in his own mournful musings, that h

"What have they done with that man?"

turned to cross-examine mine host a triffe.

"What have they done with that man?" he asked, by way of preface.

"Sent him to the pest-house," replied the landlord, resting his elbows on the counter and his chin in his hands, and staring dismaily at the opposite wall. "Ah! Lord 'a' mercy on usi these be dreadful times!"

"Dreadful enough!" said Sir Norman, sighing deeply, as he thought of his beautiful Leoline, a victim of the merciless pestilence. "Have there been many deaths here of the distemper?"

"Iwenty-five to-day," groaned the man. "Oh, Lord! what will become of us?"

"You seem rather disheartened," said Sir Norman, pouring out a glass of wine and handing it to him. "Just drink this, and don't borrow trouble. They say sack is a sure specific against the plague." Mine host drained the bumper, and wiped his mouth, with another hollow groan.

"If i thought that, sir, I'u not be sober from one week's end to t'other; but I know well enough I will be in a plague-pit in less than a week. Oh, Lord, have mercy on us!"

"Amen!" said Sir Norman, impatiently. "If fear has not taken away your wits, my good sir, will you tell me what old run that is I saw a little above here as I rode up?"

The man started from his trance of terror, and glanced, first at the fiery eyes in the corner, and then at Sir Norman, in evident trepidation of the question.

"That ruin, sir? You must be a stranger in this

"That ruin, sir? You must be a stranger in this lace, surely, or you would not need to ask that

question."

"Well, suppose I am a stranger? What then?"

"Nothing, sir; only I thought everybody knew everything about that ruin."

"But I do not, you see? So fill your glass again, and while you are drinking it, just tell me what that everything comprises."

Again the landlord glanced fearfully at the flery eves in the corner, and again hesitated.

eyes in the corner, and again hesitated.
"Well," exclaimed Sir Norman, at once surprised and impatient at his taciturnity. "Can't you speak, man? I want you to cell me all about it."

"There is nothing to tell, sir," replied the host goaded to desperation. "It's an old, deserted ruin that's been here ever since I remember; and that's all known that's like in the state of the state

ruin that's been here ever since I remember; and that's all I know about it."

While he spoke, the crouching shape in the corner reared itself upright, and keeping his fiery eyes still glaring upon Sir Norman, advanced into the light. Our young knight was in the act of raising his glass to his lips; but as the apparition approached, he laid it down again, untasted, and stared at it in the wildest surprise and intensest curiosity. Truly, it was a singular-looking creature, not to say a rather startling one. A dwarf of some four feet high, and at least five feet broad across the shoulders, with immense arms and head—a giant in every thing but hight. His immense skull was set on such a trifle of a neck as to be scarcely worth mentioning, and was garnished by a violent mat of coarse, black hair, which also overnin the territory of his cheeks and chin, leaving no neutral ground but his two flery eyes and a broken nose all twisted awry. On a pair of short, stout legs he wore immense jack-boots, his Herculean shoulders and chest were adorned with a leathern doublet, and in the belt round his waist were conspicuously stuck a pair of pistols and a dagger. Altogether, a more ugly or sinster gentleman of his inches it would have been hard to find in all broad England. Stopping deliberately before Sir Norman, he blaced a hand on each hip, and in a deep, guttural ngland. Stopping deliberately before Sir Norman o placed a hand on each hip, and in a deep, guttura

woice, addressed him:

"So, Sir Knight—for such I perceive you are—you are anxious to know something of that old ruin you

Well," said Sir Norman, so far recovering from his surprise as to be able to speak, "suppose I am Have you anything to say against it, my little friend?"

Oh, not in the least!" said the dwarf, with noarse chuckle. "Only, instead of wasting you breath asking this good man, who professes such atter ignorance, you had better apply to me for in

deter ignorance, you had better apply to me for information."

Again Sir Norman surveyed the little Hercules from head to foot for a moment, in silence, as one, now-a days, would an intelligent gorilla.

"You think so—do you? And what may you happen to know about it, my pretty little friend?"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the landlord, to himself, with a frightened face, while the dwarf, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile" from ear to ear.

"So much, my good sir, that I would strongly advise you not to go near it, unless you wish to catch something worse than the plague. There have been others—our worthy host, there, whose teeth, you perceive, are chattering in his head, can tell you about those that have tried the trick, and—"

"Well?" said Norman, curiously.

"And have never returned to tell what they

about those that have tried the trick, and—"
"Well?" said Norman, curiously.
"And have never returned to tell what they found!" doneluded the little monster, with a diabolical leer. And as the landlord fell, gray and gasping, back into his seat, he broke out into a loud, hyena-like laugh.

"My dear little friend," said Sir Norman, staring at him in displeased wonder, "don't laugh, if you can help it. You are unprepossessing enough, at best, but when you laugh, you look like the very" (a downward gesture) "himself!"
Unheeding unis udvice, the dwarf broke again into

best, but when you laugh, you look like the very" (a downward gesture) "himself!"
Unheeding unis advice, the dwarf broke again into an unearthly cachinnation, that frightened the landlord nearly into fits, and seriously discomposed the nervous system even of Sir Norman himself. Then, grinning like a baboon and still transfixing our puissant young knight with the same tiger-like and unpleasant glare, he nodded a farewell; and in this fashion, grinning, and nodding, and backing, he got to the door, and concluding the interesting performance with a third hoarse and hideous laugh, disappeared in the darkness.

For fully ten minutes after he was gone, the young man kept his eyes blankly fixed on the door, with a vague impression that he was suffering from an attack of nightmare; for it seemed impossible that anything so preposterously ugly as that dwarf could exist out of one. A deep groan from the landlord, however, convinced him that it was no disagreeable midnight vision, but a brawny reality; and turning to that individual, he found him gasping, in the last degree of terror, behind the counter.

"Now, who in the name of all the demons out of Hades may that ugly abortion be?" inquired Sir Norman.

"Oh, Lord! be merciful! sir, it's Caliban; and the only wonder is, he did not leave you a bleeding corpse at his feet!"

"I should like to see him try it. Perhaps he would have found that is a game two can play at! Where does he come from and who is he?"

The landlord leaned over the counter, and placed a very pale and startled face close to Sir Norman's.

"That is just what! wanted to tell you, sir, but! was afraid to speak before him. I think he lives up in that same old ruin you were inquiring about—at least he is often seen hanging around there; but people are too much afraid of him to ask him any questions. Ah, sir, it's a strange place, that ruin, and there be strange stories afloat about it, said the man, with a portentous shake of the head.

"What are they?" inquired Sir Norman. "I should particularly like to know."

"Well, sir, for one thing, some folks say it is haunted, on account of the queer lights and noises about it, sometimes; but again, there be other folks, sir, that say the ghosts are alive, and that he —nodding toward the door—"is a sort of ringleader among them."

"And who are they that cut up such cantrips in the old place, pray?"

"Lord only knows, sir. I'm sure I don't. I nev-

"And who are they that cut up such cantrips in the old place, pray?"
"Lord only knows, sir. I'm sure I don't. I never go near it myself; but there are others who have, and some of them tell of the most beautiful lady, all in white, with long, black hair, who walks on the battlements moonlight nights.
"A beautiful lady, all in white, with long, black hair! Why, that description applies to Leoline exactly."

actly." And Sir Norman gave a violent start, and arose to And Sir Norman gave a vibreat scale, proceed to the place directly.

"Don t you go near it, sir! said the host, warningly. "Others have gone, as he told you, and never come back; for these be dreadful times, and men do as they please. Between the plague and their wickedness, the Lord only knows what will become

do as they please. Between the plague and their wickedness, the Lord only knows what will become of us!

"If I should return here for my horse in an hour or two I suppose I can get him? said Sir Norman, as he turned toward the door.

"It's likely you can, sir, if I'm not dead by that time,' said the landlord, as he sunk down again, groaning dismally, with his chin between his hands. The night was now profoundly dark; but Sir Norman knew the road and ruin well, and, drawing his sword, walked resolutely on. The distance between it and the ruin was trifling, and in less than ten minutes it loomed up before him, a mass of deeper black in the blackness. No white vision floated on the broken battlements this night, as Sir Norman looked wistfully up at them; but neither was there any ungainly dwarf, with two-edged sword, guarding the ruined entrance; and Sir Norman passed unmolested in. He sought the spiral staircase which La Masque had spoken of, and, passing carefully from one ancient chamber to another, stumbling over piles of rubbish and stonesas he went, he reached it at last. Descending gingerly its tortuous steepness he found himself in the moldering vanits, and, as he trod them, his ear was greeted by the sound of faint and far-off music. Proceeding further, he heard distinctly, mingled with it, a murmur of voices and laughter, and, through the chinks in the broken flags, he perceived a few faint rays of light. Remembering the directions of La Masque, and feeling intensely curious, he cautiously knelt down, and examined the loose flagstones until he found one he could raise; he pushed it partly saide, and, lying flat on the stones, with his face to the aperture, Sir Norman beheld a most wonderful sight.

(10 te continuet—commenced in No. 327.)

(10 be continued—commenced in No. 327.)

LONGING.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

I wonder if the angels ever tire, And rest their heads upon each other's breasts And say they love each other well. So far they fly—so far—I think that they must sometimes weary grow, And long their weariness to tell.

I wonder if among that host afar
Is one that has no bosom for his own,
And cannot solace weariness at all,
I wish, were this but true as my lone woe,
I might to-night look up to Heaven and give
Response to that tired angel's sad love-call!

OLD DAN RACKBACK, The Great Extarminator:

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HUBRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

KIT BANDY. Our young friends were, for a moment, renmen, dressed in a garb that gave them a fierce brigandish look. That they were mountain anditti, the young miners had not a single doubt, and that they had been guided there by

the blazing cross on Tom's back was also selfevident. Tom's feelings toward the beautiful creature who had liberated him in the soldiers' camp, now became anything but adoration. He was satisfied that she had been instrumental in getting him out of the frying-pan into the fire. Beautiful in face and form, and clothed in the spotless robe of innocence and purity, had she ome to him, so like an angel from on high with all that was lovely and gentle in a noble woman, appealing to his manhood and inspiring his inmost soul with a feeling of divine admir tion—all for one purpose—to betray his faith

That the outlaws meant violence was evident from the insolent and insulting boldness in which they entered camp; and our friends quickly exchanged glances full of world of meaning.

While the latter did not invite trouble and danger, they were always ready to give them hearty reception-ripe to battle with the en mies of the law and their peace. They had all been reared in the midst of the most excit-Lynch and the revolver presided over the peace of the district. But all of them possessed more or less mental culture. Ignorance and super-stition had nothing to do with Idaho Tom's band of boy miners. The life and character of Idaho Tom himself, being familiar to the reader, it is needless to say that one or two years had detracted nothing from his courage, his noble, manly character and kindness of heart

True to his previous vows, Tom had quit the gambling-table and a life fast leading to dissiation; but he could not give up his love of adventure and manly sports.

Each of his followers he had selected for his moral worth, his unflinching courage, his reck-less daring, and his knowledge of mining and mountain life. He had seen each and all of them tried on different occasions, and knew what he could depend upon. He had armed and equiped the whole band from his own resources still being a stockholder in one of the best paving silver-lodes in Nevada. He had provided each one with a repeating-rifle and side arms of th most approved pattern. Every man and boy was an unerring shot with either rifle or pisto and a knowledge of this fact gave the assurance of their ability to cope with the robers, although the odds, by two men, were in favor of the latter.

"Good-evening, young eavaliers," said the leader of the band, in a tone in keeping with his sinister looks. Good-evening," responded Tom, in mock

politeness and apparent surprise; "your presence, gentlemen, is quite a surprise to us." "No doubt of it; but, in the meanti ne, your presence is an insult to us," was the villain's

bold reply.

"Indeed, my gallant knight?" replied Tom, no longer concealing his contempt; "what, then, is the most humble wish of your gracious lordship?"

"Young man," the outlaw fairly hissed, advancing closer to Tom, with a menacing frown you must not insult me with your imperti ence; I will not brook it.

"We, sir," responded Tom, fearlessly, and with a look that fairly made the outlaw wince, are a band of independent rangers, or miners s the case may be, and we exercise as much liberty of speech and as many privileges as is consistent with our pleasure. You have blustered into our camp with the bravado of a bully, and an air of authority, but all this belies your real courage."
"Ha! ha!" laughed the man, savagely;

are devilish handy with your tongue, but if I mistake not, your authority was disputed awhile ago by a troop of cavalry over in the

"And I doubt not but that I am indebted to you for my release, and-' "Also, the cross on your back, by which we

were guided to your camp," added the outlaw, with a malicious smile. "Were it not for your villainous counten-

ance, I would think your motive in liberating me was a good one. "The whole thing simmered down amounts

to this: you are required and notified to leave these hills between this hour and sunrise," said the outlaw. "Show your authority for this notice?" de nanded Tom.

"There it is!" the villain hissed, and with claring eyes and set teeth, threw his revolver ut at Tom's face, in a menacing manner "And there!" responded Idaho Tom, throwing up his revolver, "is what nullifies the effect

of your notice."
"Is it fight?—or run?" asked the outlaw "As you please, sir; as for our part, we'd

rather fight.' "Fire, men!" cried the outlaw, with a furiou oath, and scarcely had he given the command ere thirteen revolvers were leveled at our friends; thirteen hammers fell, and thirteen caps exploded; but not a single discharge fol-

"Fire, boys!" shouted Idaho Tom, and then the simultaneous crash of the young miners weapons rung forth upon the night.

An oath burst from the outlaw's lips as he saw a number of his men fall around him. But again and again did he and his surviving companions cock their revolvers and raise them and again and again—until every chamber had been tried-did the caps explode without a dis-

Rendered furious by these repeated disap-pointments, and with eyes blazing like those of a demon, the chief made a lunge at Tom, and attempted to brain him with his revolver used But, with a movement that seemed to require but little exertion, the young miner averted the blow and at the same time dealt the villain a lick upon the head that sent him to earth, more than a rod away. His companions saw him fall, and believing he had been slain, turned and fled into the woods and dark ness, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

Tom allowed his burly foe to rise to his feet, bleeding and wounded. The wretch fairly trembled with rage and fury, but the flight of his living companions, and the presence of the dead and dying, told him how greatly he had been deceived in his power, and that he was at the mercy of his enemies. Despite this fact, nowever, he cursed them with impotent rage, and even continued his threats.

"Leave here, you miserable wretch!" said Idaho Tom. "You may feel thankful that you are thus permitted to live, for I could have slain you had I been disposed to waste powder

"I go," he said, flashing back the look of a "but it is to come again! The villain turned and walked away into the

ton, devoutly. The cap on every robber's revolver exploded," continued Tom, "without any further ef-

fect; and the villains never came here as they did, knowing their weapons were empty, for they are cowardly, murderous wretches. one, knowing their intentions, had drawn the charges; and, boys, who knows but that it was she who released me in the soldier's camp?" 'No one but a lovely woman in a robbers'

camp would dare attempt such a thing," said young Cooper. If my escape from the soldiers' camp, and

our escape here, are owing to that girl's intervention, she is still an angel to us. The groans of a dying outlaw called the atention of the miners to him. Out of the kindness of his great heart, Idaho Tom knelt by the nan's side and did everything within his power to alleviate his suffering, for all he saw that it was no use. The youth knew no enemy in the dying man, and with a pardoning grace he administered to his wants as death shook his great

stout frame with its icy breath. "It's no use, boys," the outlaw said looking gratefully up into Tom's face; "let me die quick, for die I will. We didn't want Van Pruss to provoke a fight; but he is as rash and reckless as he is cowardly. Then some one had ampered with our revolvers. We intrusted them, as is usual on such occasions, to Kit Bandy, to load with powder and ball. If he deeived us, he has paid the penalty, for he lays there dead. He was a good, jolly, brave old man. But, boys, leave here at once. Prairie Paul will soon be in, and then he will hunt you to the death.

Then you are of Prairie Paul's band?" "Yes," he answered, gasping for breath, while his fingers picked feebly at the selvages

"And who was that beautiful girl that liber ated me in the soldiers' camp?

"Oh, God have mercy!" he exclaimed, in a strong, penitent voice, his eyes staring wildly open, and his arms outstretched as if to embrace some imaginary being. Then followed a relax-ation of the muscles. The arms fell limp at the side; the jaws fell apart, the eyes, half closed, convulsive shudder ran became fixed; a through his body, and at full length he rattled in the throat-he was dead.

The rangers turned away from the dead, when Tom said: "Boys, let us take the advice of the dying

man and at once leave these quarters. Between

the soldiers and the pirates of the gold hills, we will have a little more than we can atte If it would be in order, however, I would like to march over into the pass and lick the conceit out of that major and his party before leaving here. I owe him a drubbing for his abuse However, I am content to leave here under the flush of one bloodless victory, and strike eastward for the plains of Dakota, and spend a season among the buffalo; then drop southward to the Niobrara, and go into winter quarters, or else go down to the Union Pacific railroad and take passage for home and the Rocky Moun-

Tom's followers assented to his proposition. They were content to follow him wherever he might lead, and the matter of at once breaking camp being thus settled, preparations for departure were made.

The horses were brought up and saddled, a stock of provision and their general outfit were loaded upon their pack animals, and in a very short time all were in readiness to move.

"Boys," said Idaho Tom, glancing back at the four dead outlaws, as he was about to place his foot in the stirrup; "it will never do for us to leave those bodies unburied, for already the wolves are jibbering near. We claim to be wolves are jibbering near. We claim to be Christians, but it will not be Christian-like to leave those bodies there. Let us go to work and hollow out a grave for each.'

Taking their spades from the packs, they went to work, and in a few minutes had holowed out four rude, shallow graves.

Then Tom and Davy McBell lifted the body of one of the outlaws, a tall, slender fellow—who lay upon his face right where he had fallen—and lowered him into the grave. Unfortunately the grave was too short for the body, and the idea of cramping the limbs down into it was being vigorously executed, when to their horror and amazement the corpse rose to a sitting posture in the grave, and with an air of dissatisfaction, said:

"Confound you illiterate, bunglin' gumpheads! don't ye see this'ere hole's no fit for me don't you want to give a man a decent burial? are ye a pack of dinged heathens that ye want to chuck a dead feller into sich an insignificant hole as this? dug without any regard to mechanical percision, the head lower'n the feet, and a infurnal hump under the back. Rasp my darnated picters! I'm not goin' to lay in any sich a trough. If old Kit Bandy can't have any better accommodations than that, why, he's not goin' to make any real estate pre-emptions yit awhile," and the speaker deliberately rose to his feet, shook himself like a spaniel, and tepping out of his grave, thrust his hands into his pockets and burst into a fit of rollicking

The young miners were completely astounded by this sudden change in the situation, and for quite a minute were rendered speechless by it. But the truth forcing itself upon them, they saw that the man, Kit Bandy, was unhurt, and had, for some purpose or other, feigned

death until the last moment.

He was a tall, lean, gangling sort of an individual, with a long arm and a huge bony fist, a rough face and prominent features. A round head was set upon a long, scrawny, hairy neck, and covered with a kind of brigandish-looking hat that was a few sizes too large, and jammed down upon his ears, making those nembers branch abruptly outward in a manner that gave him an odd and comical appear-His mouth was an enormous gash, capable of fearful contortions, and which, in addition to his gray eyes and Roman nose, made up the most ludicrous and comical specimen of the

genus man that our friends had ever met. The spirit of innocent devilment lurked on every feature of the man's face, and in his awkward, ungainly movements there was hidden a prodigious strength and the agility of a

After our friends had taken in the situation, Tom exclaimed

What does this mean, anyhow?" "I'd ask that," said the man, stretching out his long arm, and turning his head with affect-ed disdain—"I'd ask that; yes, I would. Why, sir, it means that I, Christopher C. Bandy, ar'n't goin' to be chugged down into a hole like that with my limbs all cramped up in any sich a heathenish way. If I can't have room underground, rasp my darnated picters if I don't ave it on top awhile yit. I only measure six feet six, and as I won't crowd onto any one above, or interfere with any one's arrangements, I calculate to sniff the upper current of oom.
"Boys," said Idaho Tom, when he was out some folks think I be. I ar'n't even scratched Our young friends were, for a moment, rendered breathless with sudden fear by the bold and warlike intrusion of the strangers. There went of the strangers and bearded "Without a doubt," answered young Wallaminate a grizzly b'ar, or chaw up a painter."
"Well, what are we to understand by your

strange conduct?" asked Idaho Tom. Understand, did ye say? Why, sir, in the fust place, understand that I ar'n't goin' to be doubled and lapped up in that hole; next place, that I arn't dead; next that I'm goin' to measure territory for the States, seein' as what I've had my satisfaction mining in these diggin's. The society out here don't soot me; the social part is all hunk, but the morals are bad-bad,' and he shook his head disdainfully, at the same time gnawing fiercely at a plug of villainous tobacco, keeping one eye closed

What are you doing here?" "Minin', of course; but unforchunately I fell in with these dasted pirates. I've be watchin' a chance to skedad this long time, but ever met it afore to-night. P'r'aps you seed, if ye noticed closely, that I kem dasted nigh fallin' a leetle too quick when you fellers fired. I tell ye, I got right down briskly, for I know ed there wer'n't a bullet in our weepons. But I'd no more'n vacated a certain spot ere a chunk of lead went a-rippin' through it just about heart-high.

"Then you must have removed the charges from the outlaws' weapons," said Tom, becoming deeply interested in the odd, old Kit

"Didn't I, though?" said the old fellow, with a sly wink. "But now, boys, as a friend, let me warn you to be getting out of this vicinity, for it's onhealthy. And if you'll find me a hoss and saddle, and a waiter, and all that a fust-class gentleman of my longitude might require, I'll see you out o' this; and I'll tell you gore secrets—dark and dismal secretsamble away, than are on the records of his most Satanic majesty.

To this the young miners all agreed, and rigging out one of their pack animals, placed Kit Bandy astride of it; then mounting their own horses, turned down the valley, and rode away into the gloom of night.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF KIT BANDY. THE little party rode on in silence for more than an hour, when they finally emerged into a wider and more open valley. Here the way was less difficult to follow, and they moved on at a sharp pace. When assured that they were eyond immediate danger, Kit Bandy's tongue egan to move more glibly, and he talked away on different subjects with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. He appeared to feel no more nction over his late calling and associations than if he had been engaged in the most onorable avocation among law-abiding men. He even assumed to direct the movements of the young miners, much to their surprise and

They soon found that he was one of those narem-scarem old nomads whose reckless disregard of consequences, and public and private opinion, made him at home, whether in robber camp or Christian tent. And wherever he happened to be, there was a power in his good- next criminal act I did war to fall in love natured, comical face, and his extravagant, humorous speech, that kept down distrust of

said, "why you ever happened to be among the

evil motives 'I would like to know, Kit," Tom finally robbers. "Well, sir; the straight of the story, if we run it back to the place of beginnin'," he said, ejecting a volley of tobacco-juice forward over his horse's head, "dates Jinuary the tenth, Anny Dominy eighteen hundred an' fifteen. Old aunt Peggy Bandy, as the folks called her, was originator of the hull affair, and a leetle, long-legged baby war heard to sound its bugle one mornin' of the aforesaid year, in the Bandy cabin; and from that day on little Kit had an existence. After a few years dandlin' around on all the old weemin's laps in Oak Holler, and huggin', and squeezin', and kissin' among the little folks, I bloomed out into a real, likely ow-headed boy. Then I started to schoolthat place of fun and frolic. After passin through a few years ear-pullin', jig-dancin' and fly-killin' at school, I made a bulge and come out a young man with a sprinklin' of luck among the female gender, and a light set of Time passed on and I got my full set; then I began to cast about me for some trade or perfession. Fust I tried stage-drivin', but that didn't gee; so I next tried shoemaking. but I couldn't l'arn to drive a peg to save my So next I started a grocery down at the Cross Roads, but as whisky war the only thing in demand in that 'ristocratic district, I couldn't stand it; so I give away what flour I had on hands, drunk up my stock of whisky at cost, and took to the ministry. This kem the nighest of any of them bein' the shoe that fit. But, I couldn't stand the pressure of four revivals a year—too much kissin' and huggin', I wouldn't 'a' minded it so much if the work 'd been done by them as you like; but, if thar war an ugly old tarmagrant of a woman in the congregation, she was surer than thunder to mono polize the best kissin' and huggin' position in the room, right whar it war onpossible to do justice by the handsome young sistern. So I got disgusted, shook off my ministerial robes and measured the distance atween Oak Holler and the Pacific Ocean. Here for some twenty or thirty years I've been practicing fust one thing and then another. I've trapped and hunted long every creak and river west of the Mis-I Forty-nined some in California, and thar I passed through two years of an experiment I never want to repeat. I married—yes, act'ly married Sabina Ellen Frisby, and arte a spell of conjugal hair-pullin' and head-pound-Sabe war a good woman at heart when the devil war absent from it, but rile her up and she pushed a fist right out from her shoulder like a mule's heel. More'n once she flipped my trotters from under me, did Sabe. But the big joke of all war when we lived down in Hellaboloo Gulch. One night Sabina came home from Hoover's Station purty well on her She would tipple a little, would Sabe. Weemin weren't so awful nice and perticler them days as now. A woman that wouldn't hobber-nobble glasses 'em days war considered a tender, wuthless thing, sure to be shunned by the men as a spell of small-pox or cholera. But the fust thing Sabina did war to fetch me one, fair atween the eyes that laid me kerwhop on the floor. Then she haired me, and arter almost wringin' my head off, she accused me of bein' false to her-of paying respects to Aneline Crustover; but the Lord knows, I never drunk a dozen bumpers with Ange in my life. and told her so; but you might as well 'a' talked to a wild-cat. So we had it up and down like a perfect catamount fight. Meanwhile it war rainin'—yes, stormin' like all fury without It 'd been rainin' all day up the mountain, and I war awful oneasy for fear of a freshet, and while we war skirmishin', my wust fears war realized. All at once an awful torrent come a-boomin' and a-rollin' down the valley. Slam,

Sabe or the torrent—better bear a leetle to the left, boys, and we'll soon strike the Powder valey," the old man said, dropping his story to direct the movements of the party. The young miners followed his directions, inasmuch as it was their previous intention to take the course, and then he resumed his story Well, the water soon got up into the loft, and then I peeled off some shingles and clim'ed outside onto the roof. Out come Sabe after me, jawin' away. It was nip and tuck atwixt her tongue and the bang of the thunder, and

it took our cabin, bu'st open the door, and in

rushed the water and punched us up ag'inst the

shook like old Sabina's form, and I see'd we'd

got to git out o' thar or drown. The water was

continually risin' in the house; wave after wave

A huge log suddenly glided right

chased each other in at the door and out at the

through the house, and was follered by a panther, half-drowned. I stood it long as I could,

then I bounced up the ladder into the loft, and

up come the old woman after me, still a-jawin

and fussin'-puttin' in a lick whenever close

enough. She had no fears of the storm or tor

rent, she was so dinged mad, and, rasp my eyes

if I know which I war the most afeard

wall like forty-seven mule heels.

rush and roar of the water, to which the con tinual blaze of the lightnin' added somethin' of awful consideration. The water kept a-creepin higher and higher until the roof of the cabin began to sway and totter. I see'd it couldn't stand much longer, and so I made a leap for a tree near and landed among its branches. I beseeched my darlin' to foller, but she just un and snorts out with a tragic air: 'Never! never base wretch!-never will I seek safety on the

same tree with you - no, never, NEVER! "She knowed durned well she couldn't jump to the tree, and so did I; and that's why I asked her. But the next minute the roof floated off with Sabina upon it, and as she went a-scuddin down the valley, I groaned out and bid her

"'Bless God for the torrent,' was the awful critter's reply; 'it will be a divorce to me You'll soon be drowned out of that tree, while I'll float down to the flats and call out some one to my rescue,' and away she went, hollerin back fur as I could hear, settin' bolt upright on the roof with her hair a-flyin' and a-whippin in the wind. The thunder tossed and tumbled overhead; the wind whistled and screamed like a hundred Sabinas; the lightnin' licked the sky with a thousand forked, quiverin' tongues of fire, and the torrent roared awfully. But fur as I could see, Sabina was herself, and shakin' her fist back at me-now and then takin' turns with the storm-winds in tryin' to laugh like a maniac. But, finally she disappeared, a speck Wal, to make the story shortin the distance. er: I wer'n't drowned, as the sweet-scented Sabina had hoped, for the water went down, and so did I. But thar wer'n't a corner-stun of the Bandys' palacial residence left; and so in order the impression that we war both drowned, for I knew Sabe would be, I made myself seldom in Hellaboloo Gulch, and after five years knockin' about, I drew up in Austin Nevada. Thar I figgered lively for a spell chawed up a few Ingins; knocked the stuffin' out of a few Chinamen, and otherwise regulated

'Again?" exclaimed Idaho Tom, "after your former experience in love matters?

"Yes, again, durned ole fool that I war. But I could not help it. Hagar Ann Forgot just froze right to me, and what else could I do? Then, to acknowledge the fact, she resembled my lost Sabina, more or less. She war better ookin', though, than Sabe ever war; and much handsomer. She had coal-black hair—Sabe had red-fair komplexion and some accomplishments. She war far more refined than old Sabe, and never got drunk, nor swore even if she did lose a hand at poker. But to shorten up again, we war married one day, and just as I war about to plant the weddin' kiss on her lips, what should she do but draw back with ached fists and glarin' eyes, that revived thoughts of my lost darlin' and exclaim: 'Nary kiss, you dasted, ornery old hypocrite! nary Kit Bandy! I've worked, and plotted and planned, and dyed my hair, and powdered my complexion these years to bring about this, you old blind fool. Ha! ha! if ye did 'scape the torrent, you won't 'scape the vengeance of a wronged, deserted wife—no, you won't, you old—' but, boys, I didn't stay there to hear any more, but I did escape the vengeance of that woman—that very old Sabine, the deceiv in' critter. Great horn of Joshua! how fine she played Hagar Ann Forgot. But I pulled up and left Austin and went over to Varginny city, whar I became anuther man - settled down, war elected justice of the peace, and called Squire Bandy. Finally I left there, and the tide of old time tossed me up here 'mong Prairie Paul's band, whar I've been doin' some huntin', some minin', and—"
"Some stealing," added Darcy Cooper.

"As thar's a heaven, I never stole a thing from an honest man in my life; nor has Prairie Paul been doin' much thievin' since I've been with him-more minin' than anything else." "What is your opinion of the gold prospect in the Black Hills, Kit?" Tom asked.

"Haydoogins of gold thar to be had for the diggin'. Paul and the men have panned out several dollars a day to the man. They'll make a big thing of it yit if the sojers don't find 'em out and histe 'em. I tell ve they war mighty oneasy 'bout you fellers: they war afraid you'd strike a lead, communicate the fact outside, and then bring in others. It war all I could do to help Aree to save your lives.

"Who's Aree?" questioned Tom.
"Why, the angel that descended in the fine wire basket and liberated you in the sojer's camp, that's who. She's the pet of the band,

"Well, now, Kit," Tom said, "you are com ing to the point. Let us hear something about

"She's a beauty, capt'in—a regler beauty, and, great horn of Joshua! what a temper she's got when you rile her up! As I war goin' to observe, she's the pet of the band, and if any man insults her in the least, she just deliberately shoots him down, and the rest cry, 'so be it.' Thar's five weemin among the band, but none of them can shine up to Aree, the Prin-She's the darter of the lieutenant of the band, Ivan Van Pruss; and would you believe it, capt'in? that girl loves you like all tarna tion. I'd die to have her love me the way she does you," and the old man burst into a peal of hearty, rollicking laughter that set the young miners into a roar.

"Was she sent to release me to-night?" Tom

"Yes; her father wanted to know whar our camp was, so he ordered her to dress up like an angel and go down in the invisible wire elevator and cut your bonds while the sojers Then she war to invoke the blessing of some saint, and make the sign of the cross on your breast and back. The last was to be made with phosphorus, arranged handily on the haft of her knife, so's its shine would guide us to She didn't want to do it, but when your camp. her father told her he would shoot you dead whar you sat confined unless she did, why, she ated to go down. I also promised her that I'd see that you got off safe, and so down she went, the brave, fearless angel, in the wire ledge above.'

Exactly," replied Tom, with an air of satisfaction; "that ledge you speak of is concealed among the tree-tops, and leads into a cavern." "Precisely, and a magnificent place it is,

A thin wreath of smoke rising in that vicinity is what drew me up there, and got me into trouble. 'Indeedy? Well, you may thank your stars

that you got away— Harkee! harkee!"
All turned their heads and listened. The elatter of hoofs, coming down the valley, fell upon their ears.

Danger, boys! haydoogins of it, by the horn that shook old Jericho's wall!" exclaimed Kit Bandy, and his long legs began warping his horse violently: "ride up, ride up like the

And putting spurs, the little band galloped (To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

The Cross of Carlyon

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore. BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER

SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XV THE PLOTTERS AT WORK.

WE return to the house of Arly & Arly. Though the building was dark without and ilent within, a dim light burned in the apartment adjoining the parlor, in which had trans pired another and bold plan concerning Chris

Preston Arly and his hoary mustached son sat grimly at a red-covered table. The former leaned far back in his seat, till his pointed chin nigh touched his shirt-stud, limbs elongated outward, and snaky arms folded tight over his narrow breast; the latter sat upright, rigid, frowning, one set of fingers drumming noise lessly on his knee-cap, and his eyes wandering at impatient intervals toward the windowwindow overlooking a courtway at the side, leading west from a street which, on the city map, appears without a name. Their attitude was statue-like, but in the faces was a simile ex-

pression of expectation. Christabel had disrobed immediately upon the departure of her guests; the attendant maid was slumbering in the room next to the apartments of her mistress.

But sleep came reluctantly to Christabel. Like Gerard Vance, her mind was confused over those developments which had not been things in that immoral, corrupt place. The foreseen in the programme of the evening.

As she lay in the pitchy darkness, she went back, in fancy, through fifteen years, while bry brought up the picture of childhood and its brief sweet pleasures of the life at Loch-Solitude gave freer vent to such mediwood. tation, there was not the glitter and gossipy in trusion of a gay company to distract the panorama of imagery.

Could she ever forget the Jerome Harrison of those days?—or forget how, in her youthful eloquence, she had clung to him in every word

Yes, she had loved him then; perhaps, withal the eventful years that had multiplied since that happy time—and the ever changing life that had almost blotted out the recollection of childhood's sunny days—perhaps there was some of the old ardor left, a whispering deep down in the recesses of the heart, that might nean affection now.

"Jerome-Jerome Harrison," she breathed, owly, "I have never known what it was to since those dear, dear days. I feel-I scarce know how. Am I a child again? Am I loving you as I used to? Am I as precious to you as I was? Pshaw! what am I talking

But it seemed all so strange, so wonderfultheir meeting in such a way—that for a long time the influence of these emotions was supplanted by consideration of the accident of fate, and Gerard Vance's significant words in regard to Preston Arly and her father.

Thus an hour went by. Gradually she sunk to repose, sunk to fitful, undecipherable dreams, in which she saw the Jerome of earlier time and seemed to hear again the warning he had

spoken at the guest-thronged table.

The last she remembered was a dull, rumoling noise, like wheels upon the cobbles outside; and after that, a blackness unlike the peaceful calm of repose, mixed with hideous enigmas that made her spirit writhe. It seemed as if a great pall was drawing down upon er; unearthly sounds in her ears, airs of opressive suffocation; but no will to arouse from the deathly chill which palsied her veins, until,

Christabel was not mistaken in the sound reembling the rumbling of wheels. A close cab stopped short at the curb in the court at the side of the house, and a single occupant leaped

This personage, a man, entered the premises by the unlatched gateway.

Presently the light in the second story was extinguished, and three figures like airy spec-ters, stalked forth in the gloom.

In single file they moved up the stairway to Christabel's room; a single object crawled, on hands and knees, toward the bed of the

Suddenly, there was a rustling, like a brief truggle, and a shrill whisper said: Quick-the chloroform!

A few hasty, pattering footsteps. Another ound like a frantic, useless struggle, and a gurgling, gasping noise from a human throat. Then stillness most solemn.

A cab was rolling along at tremendous speed, its wheels rattling loudly in the stilly hour of approaching dawn.
On, on through the slumbering city—along

Lexington to Holliday, thence to Baltimore street, where the wheels fitted into the guttered rail-track as the vehicle sped eastward.

At Broadway, it turned south, keeping the track, and under the impetus of the declining ground and fresh strokes from the cracking whip, the horses dashed ahead with renewed

As the cab whirled past St. Patrick's church the great clock in the steeple tolled forth the hour of four, and while the echoes of the bell still lingered, Broadway Market was reached, and again the wheels rattled frightfully on the irregular cobbles Pretty soon the driver turned into Shaks-

peare street, a sort of modern alley-way that, before and during the war, bore a bad reputation. An efficient police and reorganized population have, however, somewhat now altered and bettered this locality

Before a three-storied house of greasy, batously, and as if this arrival was looked for, the door of the house swung open, and a woman appeared, waving a huge lamp above her head.

Three parties alighted from the cab, and two of those bore a helpless figure wrapped in blankets. While the two who carried the bundle entered the dwelling, the third paused to slip a greenback into the driver's hand, saying:

Remember. Felix, this isn't the first time you've made twenty dollars at a single job; nor will it be the last if you know how to hold your tongue.

The cabman did not reply at once. His gaze

was fixed upon the doorway.

When the other parties passed the woman, she waved the lamp with a downward scoop, as if to scan the burden they were bringing in The movement discovered a female face of sureassing loveliness, and for one moment the driver was transfixed by the vision. He had seen that face before.

"Do you hear me, Felix? What are you gaping at?

"Yes, sir; all right, sir," he ejaculated, brokenly; "I'm mum, sir; that's the kind of a man I am. Thankee, sir," and pocketing the greenback, he mounted his box. But he was muttering, as he drove off: "Blest if I ain't een that 'ere purty face some'ers, an' I'd give a ducat to know just where. Ge' up, hoss!" The door of the house banged shut; unbroken stillness reigned again.

There were scattered lights appearing at the windows of the buildings round; gray lines of smoke from kindling fires curled upward out of crumbling chimneys, dispersing on the somnoent air. Whatever had been done, it was finished none too soon. The neighborhood was already astir, the wife of the hard-working chanic was busy at her stove.

Across the street, at an angle, was a solitary individual, a young man who had one arm encircling the awning-post of the shoe store, and who seemed engrossed with the task of maintaining an equilibrium — a wayward youth most sadly in his cups. He swung round the post at intervals, first one way and then the other, like the tail-end of a weathervane, mumbling, between hiccoughs, like a sage over a

But he was not so drunk as to prevent his noticing the cab. His uncertain vision beheld the two men carry their burden into the dingy lwelling, and he managed to see that it was a human figure, either insensible or dead.

Somebody drunk (hic!)" argued he. "Allers th' way 't' 'appens, some'ow; stay out late, get tight li'le bit, bring home 'n carriage (hie!). Mus' go 'nvestigate that," and here he took step forward, as if intending to make closer observations.

The effort was beyond his capacity. His knees bent, and making a frantic embrace again round the post, his body went spinning spirally, till he sprawled in a sitting posture across the curb.

'A' right. Can't stand up, sit down li'le bit

(hic!). Knees full of whisky. Feel sick. Won-'er who that fel' was? Sor-r-' for 'im get drunk; he turned his eyes upon the unconscious form oughtn't get drunk. Bad habit." Then his on the lounge. iquor-husky voice broke forth:

Oh, w'are was my pocket-book now gone to?
Of you listen und I tole it to you now,
Bout dot day when I gome into der citys,
Yust for to go oud shopping mit mine frow, '(hic!)

"Whoop! 'Tell 'em I'm big Injun-big Injun over the Rhine-He was cut short by the presence of a police-

So, young man, you're drunk, eh?" "Lie! (hic!) Nary drunk. Houses won't stand still. Bad pavement. Want mending. Drunk?—no, sir-ee. What's two bottles among

one? Whoop!—for 'I'm big Injin—(hic!) big Injun over the Rhine." Yes, a good bit 'over,' I think. Come, stand ip now," and he shook the enthusiastic youth

v the shoulder. "Drunk over there"-pointing across the street. "Seen 'em carry in, just now. Goin'

vestigate; fell down-"Yes, I understand all that. You comalong with me for awhile. I'll attend to your

'My name's (hic!) Jack Stoner-"Sorry to see you so drunk, Mr. Stoner. Here, we'll go this way."

And in a few moments the young lark was quietly stepping out in the direction of the

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GAMBLER'S SPECULATION.

THE house on Shakspeare street, whither our nterest now centers, was occupied by a "lone woman," Mrs. Boggles by name, and admirably suited to the use of the three men, whose pur

pose will be seen directly. Headed by Mrs. Boggles, they ascended sev eral flights of stairs to the third story. Here were two rooms, one front and one back. front apartment was arranged comfortably after the manner of a bedchamber; that at the back engages particular attention, as its appearance was in strange contrast with the gene

ral aspect of dirt surrounding the premis A magnificent parlor in miniature, with cost ly earpet, a rosewood, marble-top table in the center, and other appointments to correspond There were crimson satin chairs and a lounge all inlaid; pictures of statuary in gilt orna menting the yellow-papered walls; a grand mirror at one side, reaching from floor to ceil-

It had but one window, this D-shaped, at the extreme top of the south wall; it had but one

door, this opening into the front chamber.

Into the last-described room, the two men arried their burden. Mrs. Boggles set her lamp on the table, and the insensible human figure was placed gently upon the lounge.

By the glare of the lamp we now see the faces of the men: Wilford Wynne, Preston Arly, and the latter's son, Albert. "Step this way, gentlemen," said Wynne, beckening them to follow him to the front coom; and, as they passed out, closing the door

between: "You see, I lost no time in arranging with Mrs. Boggles, my landlady. Not such an asant prison after all, is it?" While speaking, he ignited a match, and soon lost, won and drawn, and with what club, up

had another lamp burning in its bracket against the wall. 'So you live here, eh?" said Albert Arly,

glancing scrutinizingly about him. Arly, senior, as soon as the lamp was lighted, threw himself into a convenient chair. His limbs wormed in coils about the legs of the chair, he dropped his skinny elbows on the armrests, pointed his palms over his lap, and craning his neck slightly forward, gazed keenly at Wynne with his little, twinkling eyes.

'Yes," replied Wynne, "this is my burrow Rather an odd place for an exquisite, is it not! But, as far as my own surrounding is concerned, you may perceive that I am quite comfortable. I only sleep here, and take my meals wherever I happen to be when hungry; and of course men of my profession do most of their sleeping in the daytime. That back room there can tell a tale. I've invited many a casual acquaintance into its privacy, and relieved poor rosewood table. Will you smoke?" and he threw cigars and matches on the table, appropriating one to him-

What now, about Christabels, asked Albert, who remained standing.

"Leave her entirely to me," answered the gambler, puffing complacently at his fragrant How long will it take to subdue her!"

"That depends entirely upon the caliber of

her spirit. 'A spirit of iron. Ho! Invincible," put in Arly, Sen. Remember, you are to offer her no bodily

harm," pursued Albert. "Rely upon me"—with a nod. "She is too beautiful for that. The matter may take weeks or months. Of one thing, however, be assured: she'll never leave that room, until she goes as my wife. Not even you two, in the possible event of changing your minds, can get her away from me," and the last was accompanied by another nod of unmistakable significance.

'Oho!" thought old Arly, rubbing his palm "this shrewd villain has the game now in his own hands, and knows it. But very little I care, if Christabel comes out of that room heels first!

"And now, gentlemen," continued Wynne "my advice to you is, to make yourselves scarce. It may be best if my charmer remains gnorant of your complicity in this affair. ow me to show you out," and taking the lamp from its bracket, he moved toward the stair-

We'll hear of your progress, I suppose?" inquired Arly, junior, as he and his diminutive parent followed Wynne. 'Certainly, you shall be promptly advised."

As they separated on the pavement below, old Arly exclaimed, snappishly: "Ho! deuce take that rascal of a cabman! Why didn't he wait. A nice tramp to St. Paul street, at this hour of the morning

"Come," urged the son, fearful of attracting attention to the house; for two or three laborers were then passing on the opposite side. "Adieu, gentlemen." Wynne closed the

door, and returned to the upper story.

At the moment the gambler re-entered the oom Mrs. Boggles thrust her head through the other doorway.

"She's all fixed, sir, and looks like she's acomin' to. Maybe you'd better come in, sir."
Wynne laid aside his cigar, gave a momentary glance at his bureau mirror, then stepped into the rear apartment. The huge lamp had an addition of a ground glass shade, imparting a mellowness to its rays peculiarly agreeable to the eyes, and further harmonizing the furnish-

'You may retire, Mrs Boggles." "Yes, sir," said Mrs. Boggles; and with a grin and a knowing wink, she withdrew. The gambler advanced to the rosewood table.

ings around.

and turned the jet of the lamp higher. Then, in an attitude of easy grace, one hand, with bent knuckles, resting on the marble slab,

His prey was dressed in coarse garments supplied by Mrs. Boggles; even these arranged with clumsiness. But the uncouth clothes, nor the unnatural sleep of the drug that darkened her senses, could not lessen the glorious beauty of her face, nor hide the bewitching symmetry

"Beautiful, beautiful woman!" muttered the enraptured man, while his face glowed, and every vein pulsed in heated exultation, "not all the powers on earth can wrest you from You are mine-mine!" and raising his

roice, he called: Christabel! Wake-open your eyes and

(To be continued—commenced in No. 321.)

MY SONG.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

You ask a song,
Such as of yore, an autumn's eventide,
Some blest boy-poet caroll'd—and then died,
Nay, I have sung too long.

Say, shall I fling
A sigh to beauty at her window-pane?
I sung there once, might I not once again?—
Or tell me whom to sing.

The peer of peers?

Lord of the wealth that gives his time employ—
Time to possess, but hardly to enjoy—
He cannot need my tears.

The man of mind,
Or priest, who darkens what is clear as day?
I cannot sing them, yet I will not say
Such guides are wholly blind.

The orator?
He quiet lies where you fresh hillock heaves;
"Twere well to sprinkle there those laurel-leaves
He won—but never wore.

Or shall I twine
A cypress? Wreath of glory and of gloom.
To march a gallant soldier to his doom,
Needs fuller voice than mine. No lay have I,

No murmured measure meet for your delight, No song of love and death, to make you quite Forget that we must die.

Something is wrong—
The world is over-wise; or, more's the pity,
These days are far too busy for a ditty,
Yet take it—take my song.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE MAY CAMPAIGN May ended with a drawn battle in the new sue introduced as between the representative nines of the East and the West, the record up to May 31st inclusive, showing each of the eight clubs—four from the West and four from the East-holding the following positions in the

record of victo	ries ai	id deleats:						
EAST.		WEST.						
WON.	LOST.	WON. LO						
Boston3	1	Chicago3						
Hartford2	2	St. Louis3						
Mutual2	2	Louisville2						
Athletic1	8	Cincinnati0						
THE RESERVE THE PARTY OF	-							
8	8	8						

The full record shows the games each have

to May 31st inclusive:										
Clubs.	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Boston	Louisville.	Athletic	Mutual	Cincinnatil		
Chicago		2	2	1	4	0	0	4		
Hartford	1	-	0	4	0	3	2	î		
St. Louis		0	-	0	3	1	2	2		
Boston		0	0	_	0	8	3	3		
			1	0	_	2	0	3		
	0	0	0	1	1		3	0		
	0	1	1	1	1	1	_	0		
Cincinnati	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	_		
	-	-	-	-	_		-			
Games lost	8	3	6	7	10	10	10	13		
Games drawn	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0		
	Clubs. Chicago Hartford St. Louis Boston. Louisville Athletic Mutual Cincinnati Games lost	Clubs. Clubs. Chicago	Clubs. C	Clubs. C	Clubs. Clu	Clubs. C	Clubs. Clu	Clubs. C		

On Decoration day fully fifty thousand spectators witnessed the League club games played in Boston, Hartford, Brooklyn and Philadel,

THE MAY RECORD The following is the May record of the League The model games are given first in the order of smallest scores, and then those marked

by double figures:

May 5, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis.

"25, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.

"25, Louis ville vs. Athletic, at Phila, (14 i).

"11, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis.

"20, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville.

"23, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia.

"24, Cincinnati vs. Louisville, at Cincinnati, at Louisville.

"25, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston, (12 i).

"4, Cincinnati vs. Louisville, at Cincinnati, at Dicago, at Chicago vs. Chicago, at Chicago.

"5, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Hartford.

"6, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago.

"9, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Chicago.

"9, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Chicago.

"9, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Ouis.

"8, Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston.

"30, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.

"30, Lastford vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.

"30, Easton vs. Nassau, at Easton.

"7, Mutual vs. St. Louis, at Brooklyn.

"6, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.

"6, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago.

"27, Chicago vs. Hartford at Hartford. by double figures:

"6, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
"20, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago
"23, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
"30, Mutual vs. Louisville, at Brooklyn.
"30, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
"4, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia.
"23, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston.
"37, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
"17, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Hartford.
"17, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston.
"27, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Boston.
"37, Athletic vs. Louisville, at Philadelphia.
"18, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville.
"19, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.
"10, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.
"11, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.

The double figure scores of the May games

are as follows:

The model games played since our last issue are as follows:

May 28, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1876.

THE EXQUISITE ROMANCE

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK

Country and City Life, BLACK EYES AND BLUE;

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity, BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

soon to be given, will excite much remark. It is not only a story of rare power and strength as to person, passion, incident and plot, but is so full of tenderness and sweetness and of woman's unconfessed beauty of life, thought and feeling, that it will both enchain attention and command admiration. We publish it with real pleasure, and readers will heartily thank us for adding Miss Cushman to our unequaled corps

We shall soon give our readers the long promised

Sequel to Lance and Lasso, VIZ.: THE SWORD HUNTERS;

The Land of the Elephant Riders

BY CAPT. FRED'K. WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "RED RA-JAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN," ETC., ETC.

An announcement which hosts of readers will receive with enthusiasm. It is a very de lightful story of boys' sport, exploits and adventure in a strange land-full of exciting interest and highly edifying in the information which it imparts of a little known country.

Buffalo Bill is off for the seat of the Sioux War, in Wyoming. Government has called the great scout, guide and Indian-fighter to duty with the army, and he has responded. When there is trouble with the red-skins Mr. Cody is always to be "counted in." We hope the brave fellow will be preserved from all harm. That he will do brilliant duty we can well believe.

Having, for the past few issues, been somewhat crowded with our serial matter, we have, more than is our wont, encroached upon the space devoted to short stories, sketches and miscellany. This will not, of course, continue. We shall see to it that each issue of the SATUR-

A letter from Fort Fred Steele says: "It may be interesting to the readers of your valuable Journal to know that the veritable Tom Sun, who figures so conspicuously in Buffalo Bill's fascinating story, 'Kansas King, is an inmate of the post hospital of this post. He has been in hospital about thirty days; was very ill, but is now almost entirely recovered. His illness was superinduced by exposure, last winter. And, from experience, I can assure you that a winter in Wyoming is no small matter. All the boys here are delighted with the SATURDAY JOURNAL and would not do without it, under any consideration."

It is pleasant to know that the JOURNAL is a welcome visitant at all the forts. It is finding its way to the most remote stations, and is, we know, a favorite in all the frontier settlemen and for the good reason that its authors who deal with Western life are men who know that life from association and experience.

THE constant call for Mrs. Crowell's fine sirial, "Vials of Wrath," has constrained us to give it place in the series of Twenty-five Cent Novels, published by Beadle and Adamsso that all orders, hereafter, for the story can be filled with the book form. This series of novels is at once one of the cheapest and most attractive ever offered the reading public. It thus far contains novels by Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Victor, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Warfield, Margaret Blount, Mrs. Ellet, Rev. J. H. Ingraham, etc.

The publishers of "Passing the Portal; or, A Girl's Struggle," by Mrs. Victor-a new novel recently noticed by us-are in receipt of the following among other tributes to the rather remarkable character of the book:

PATERSON, N. J., May 24th.

PATERSON, N. J., May 24th.

DEAR SIRS:

I have just laid down a book recently issued by you—"Passing the Portals'—by Mrs. Victor, and so strongly am I impressed by it that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for ever having offered such a treat to thinking people.

It is a wonderful, a really wonderful book.

Much and eagerly as I have read and studied the doctrine of Evolution never before has it fully come to me what it all meant, and the inevitable result of the acceptance of Darwin s views.

Mrs. Victor has made for herself a glorious reputation by this book, whose every line bears the impress of a most cultivated intelligence.

The characters of * * * are so finely drawn that I think them among the finest creations I ever knew. It is a marvel to me how any one could have portrayed natures so dainty, so noble, so responsive as theirs.

Then the different phases of the heroine's feelings as she wanders further and further afield—her almost unconscious retention of the precious faith of her childhood—could anything be finer?

* * But one word can describe it all—PERFECTION.

The sweet pathos, the heart anguish, the clear

* * But one word can describe the clear troe.

The sweet pathos, the heart anguish, the clear hights of rapture, the Christian resignation that run like golden threads through the story—all make a work that will certainly add still greener laurels to the already enviable fame that Mrs. Victor wears—to whom, as a woman, and to you for giving to the world such a book, I earnestly offer my warm, grateful thanks.

Yours truly,

Mary Reed Crowells.

enviable fame in our fiction literature, is indeed a pleasing and admirable recognition of anoth-

Sunshine Papers.

To One Young Man and Many Young Men.

Nor long since we heard of a young manwe wish we had the paper here, to copy his words verbatim—who had serious doubts as to the desirability of honoring any young ladies with his calls, because he had heard that that class of beings are given to communicating to each other what their gentleman visitors say to them. And he wished reliable information on that subject, and advice as to his own movements, as he did not intend calling on any girls, to have them repeating what he said! Poor fellow! Precious innocent! Tender,

ensitive plant! Such profound pity as imbued our bosom at your sorrowful wail; such supreme admiration as stirred our heart at your dancy; such barrels of sympathy as we felt for your sensitiveness! In case this should ever meet your eye, may we venture to offer to your delicate nature some advice?

We would suggest that, for a time, you do not call upon any young lady; that you cease casting upon that reprehensible portion of hu-manity the light of your countenance and the distinction of your attentions, and learn what weeping and wailing and guashing of teeth and tearing of hair-no, not that latter, come to think of it, even for your dear, darling, precious ducksie of a self; it costs too much! there will be over your indifference! Bless your sensitive—soul?—no, that will not do; heart! brains?-no, none of those, for we do not believe you are the fortunate possessor of any. Will some one please suggest a word? Suppose we say *instinct*; all animals have that; will not you be astonished to find of how little ac ount you are in the regions of young ladyism But, then, most sensitive youth, you can con sole yourself for the blow to your conceit this discovery will bring about by the knowledge that Susie Marie, or Nancie Jennie isn't having the chance to tell Lizzie Annie that Mr. Green called on her last night, "and is just a perfect fool! He told me I had such a sweet way with me, the great simpleton! and that he had never spent so pleasant an evening in his life, whe Tom Hawley was there and we were making all manner of fun of Green, only he was too reen to find it ou , or to find his way out of the house, though I was just aching to show him!" For, let us assure you, you young imbecile, talking about not "honoring any girls with your calls," that that is just about what they

vould repeat after your call. Young gentlemen, you may take our word for it, that you need not be afraid to call upon roung ladies for fear they will make too many confidences regarding your conversation, unless you are fools or villains. There is a strong instinct of delicacy, and desire for monopoly, in woman-nature that renders it *impossible* for most girls to make any companion a sharer in what is near to their hearts. Nellie may tell Fan that you are "just perfectly lovely?" what she said of her new summer bonnet, the caramels pa brough her from town, the latest novel; but you need not mind that; they are all very nice and so are you; and the probabi-lity is she thinks you the nicest of all, except, perhaps, the bonnet, only her descriptive vocabulary is somewhat limited, and so, by necessity for economy in that line, she is forced to make that one enthusiastic expression qualify anything that pleases her, from a pickled oys-ter to—you. But if you think that after that assertion she will go on and tell Fan how you put your arm about her waist, and held her head gently against your—shirt-bosom, and looked into her eyes like a lackadaisical calf, and stammered, in melodious bass, "Nellie, I pay Journal has something and much for all readers, in its varied departments.

I—l-o-v—at least, I think, I—mean—I like you better than any other girl I know. Do you care a little bit for me?" you are tremendously mistaken, sir! Why she would burn all over like a little comet if she tried to report that cene; and she would never care to dream, and lream, and dream it over if any one else had any partnership in it save only you and her. No, indeed! Of all tender scenes, a woman is an inborn monopolist! But you men-oh, my

What do we take you for, anyhow? Well, we will tell you some day!

WHAT TO BE.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER

Sing about your work and it will not seem o hard or as long. Let the notes issue forth in lee, as though you didn't care how much labor there was in the world so long as you had the work to do, Singing is soothing; it puts the weary child to rest and makes sleep close up the little eyelids. Sailors sing as they start on their voyage; it cheers them and dissipates the gloomy feelings they may have in leaving home and loved ones. You needn't say you have no voice—that you don't know one note from an other, and that your singing, or attempt at singing, would scare every one. Maybe would have the same effect upon the "blues"

and scare them away.

Laugh while you are at your work; laughter will make you grow fat; it is often the best medicine one could prescribe. A man who was "given o'er to die," was cured by laughing over the merry antics of a monkey, who had gained entrance to the room. Were I sick I hould employ a doctor who wasn't afraid of a good, hearty laugh, for I know his laughter vould be catching, and I should recover so than if I had one of those gloomy, melancholy of Esculapius about me. wicked people don't laugh, or if they do, it is so nuch like a groan that the difference is scarce y noticed. It is really "better to laugh than be sighing," and that is one good reason that omedies are more healthful than tragedies. He who is capable of making others laugh is one of mankind's benefactors.

Be cheerful in your conversation and in your employments. Don't be afraid to let people know you have a merry, blithesome heart and that you enjoy life and its many blessings. was always a mystery to me why persons who commence to get interested in religious matters hould think they ought to throw aside all cheerfulness, and become sober and morose, ust as though they had swallowed some disoreeable medicine and wanted others to take a dose of the same decoction. Religion should not make one sour; it should make one better, purer, more cheerful and more human. If it were my mission to visit the sick and lowly I would endeavor to leave all my own troubles and gloomy feelings outside the door, so that those who were expecting me would look forward to my coming as they would to a gleam of sunshine, and give me as cordial a welcome. Who would want a visitor to groan over the wickedness of the world, the hollowness of all

This, from one who has won for herself an bits of tracts down their throats? I wouldn't I want some one to cheer, and not depress me, when I'm ill. There are a set of kill-joys who worry folks into their graves and then wonder why they die. The death-dealing ammunition they use is composed of mixing Scripture with scandal, religion with mischief-making, and these things don't agree. Yes, and the killers think themselves so good and every one else so vile, wicked and depraved, that one grows so perfectly disgusted with them that one almost wishes to slam the door in their faces and tell them religion consists in humility and not in believing that pride is better than humbleness.

Be consistent in your remarks. I know I am not always, but I'm far from being a saint, and preach to myself while I am lecturing others. am well acquainted with a young man, who is one of the "goody" sort, and who seems to take delight in saying queer things in an odd sort of way. He asked a lady friend of mine what good it did to have ruffles around the neck of a dress and around the sleeves—I suppose h thought them to be "vanity of vanities." She said she supposed they were for warmth, and asked him what good his paper collar and silk necktie and gold shirt-studs did. He was hit; she had driven him into a place where he couldn't crawl out of very well, and he an swered that he supposed they were intended for warmth. I think she had the best of it, and I admired her aptness.

Isn't there some one in your neighborhood just as inconsistent? One who is blaming others for things they do themselves or something nearly akin to it? These sort of individuals are forever in hot water, and being more cause of trouble to all around them than they are really worth. Always fussing and finding fault with the households of others, and, in ing around from house to house, neglect their own. What enjoyment or pleasure they can find in the business, I am at a loss to discover, but I presume it is their ultimatum of perfect happiness. Such sort of employment wouldn' made me very happy. If it makes them happy it serves to make others miserable, so it is a very selfish kind of happiness, after all.

EVE LAWLESS

Foolscap Papers.

Who Wrote the Declaration of Independence.

A QUESTION SETTLED.

THE question, "Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?" is now on its Centennial round. I consider it my bounden duty to forver settle it, and so I rise in behalf of posterity, and say that my grandfather, Erastus Whitehorn, was the author of that celebrated ocument. Not exactly as it stands now, but with a very little difference—a few words changed here and there are all the alterations t received before it was adopted by the first Congress, of which body was his body, repre-enting the oyster business on Chesapeake Bay.

The original document is still in possession o our family, and is shown with peculiar rever-ence to curiosity-seekers. It will be on exhibi-tion in Philadelphia, along with several other relies of the author, including the pen with which it was written, with the end meditativechewed.

I transcribe the article as it originally stood with great pleasure and satisfaction:
THE ORIGINAL DECLARATION.

When in the course of humane events it be comes necessary, as it were, for one people to dissolve the political or brass bands that bind them to another, or anybody else, and to put on their first boots and earliest pants, they should declare the causes which entitle them to

that divorce without alimony.

We hold these truths self-evident that all men were created equal to any one else who does not happen to be superior to them; that they are endowed with certain unalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of what they are pursuing, and when any government becomes destructive of these hare should be an and to the

The history of the present king of Great Britain is one of repeated injuries, and our pock s are stuffed so full of his usurpations that they will hold no more, by George

He has refused his consent to appoint all of s revenue collectors and pension agents. He has kept among us in times of peace tanding armies without ever allowing them to it down, depriving them even the right of sit

ing in the seat of war. He has deprived us in many cases of the right of trial by jury, thus causing much dis-cress among honorable men who hang around he court-house to get on the jury and make a dollar and a half a day.

He has put a stamp on our tea, which makes that beverage boil up so high that we haven't the necessary stamps about us to neutralize those stamps. It is stamp shame.

He has suspended the writ of habeas corpu o if any of us happens to make a mistake and get into the wrong jail, we are obliged to stay

nere and amuse ourselves. He has quartered large bodies of large-bodied coops among us, when we hadn't any quarter to buy provisions with.

He has sent some of the most miserable weather over here that is in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. He has reduced the length of shoes to foureen inches in length, thus causing untold agony

and suffering to a great many inhabitants of He has erected a multitude of new offices which would be well enough, but he has sent ver swarms of carpet-baggers to fill them.

He has armed his soldiers among us with real nuskets that won't burst. In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble thirdterms, but he has answered these petitions by telling us to go there ourselves, or has reach over here and cracked us on the head with his

We feel weak; therefore these things we are not able to stand a day longer. We shall no more be tied to England's apron-strings and calmly be spanked by the British slipper. are too big a boy.

We, therefore, Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, do publish and declare that these colonies ought to be free and equally independent, and that the Atlantic cable shall no longer connect us.

In defense of which we will sacrifice our lives in getting recruits for our army For this we will spend the last dollar of our fortunes which we have no other need for.

We are willing to spend the last breath in our bodies in stirring up a feeling among our people to jump to the defense of our cause Such of us as are made generals will stand to resist the invaders even though we fall-

In a pinch we will be willing to sacrifice our honor, or any other article of portable personal humanity, the fearful roads of death, and cram | property which will be handy.

We shall boldly enter the ranks and march

down with our troops to see them off.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, John
Dongleman, justice of what little peace is left,
this fourth day of July, 1776.

Such is the original draft of the Declaration, and it contained the pure patriotic sentiment which animated my revered grandfather in that dark hour of our country's history. I reach back across one hundred years to slap the old gentleman on the back. The fires which he kindled then have burned in the bosoms of the whole Whitehorn family since. They will never

The Declaration was read out before Congress, and adopted with a few immaterial alterations, not enough to injure the text.

I hope this question will not be started again.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

The Empress of India pays Lord Lytton, her Viceroy, \$185,000 per year, which is a fair salary, considering the times. At any rate it is better than writing poetry for a living. We pay the President of the United States \$50,000 per year and yet there are people who deem it an enormous sum. Why, the President of the New York Home Insurance gets \$25,000 a year salary, and no one thinks him overpaid, but a President of the United States—bosh! he ought to serve for the mere honor of the office. The country is not able to fool its money away on a more President of the country is not able to fool its money away on a more President. ble to fool its money away on a mere Presi

—A quarrelsome husband and wife in Iowa decided to separate and divide their property evenly. The land was measured off into two farms, and the house and barn were cut in halves, and each half removed a short distance. We are not informed what was done with the children. They probably were halved the same way. And the mother-in-law—what was done with her?

—A Swedish professor of chemistry, experimenting with a quantity of "reindeer moss," a peculiar growth with which the Scandinavian mountains are covered, declares that 1,800 pounds of the moss under proper treatment will produce nearly 1,200 pounds of refined sugar, and that five gallons of the pure alcohol may be extracted from 63 pounds. If this is the case, Sweden has something better than a silver mine on her sterile mountains and far northern plains, unless the mass is all turned into alcohol; in which case she has discovered a short cut to—well, say Helsingford.

A large man who sat on the wharffishing lately, gave his opinion with regard to the hard times. He said the trouble was that capital was opposed to labor, and no matter how auxious a opposed to lahor, and no matter how anxious a man was to work capital would make no concessions. He wanted work himself, he said, and once he thought of giving up, but now his wife was able to take in washing, and he would never yield. He intended to say more, but was obliged to go off to attend a ball match, for which he was bottle-holder. He is, we also learn, incidentally, a candidate for Congress on the Injured Man's ticket.

Man's ticket.

—There is a man named Thurston living on White Oak Creek, in Titus County, Texas, who is seven feet eight inches in hight, and well proportioned. The people there feel much favored in being able to see this glant as many times in a day as they choose, "free of charge." Noah Orr, the glant whom Barnum exhibited in his old New York museum, is now living at Marrysville, Ohio, and has for an almost constant friend and companion one of the smallest men in the town. They are the "lions" of course. Orr made a little fortune exhibiting himself. Let the Texas man drop his modesty and go to a Centennial side-show and he'll be able, in three months' time, to buy a ranche big enough for ten thousand steers.

The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for salt. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points. Thus the salt mines of Portland and the vast horizontal beds of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in St. Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land remote from water. There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rock is regularly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it on ward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed with the soil.

-A young man who married a woman with even sisters and went to live in the family ame out the other day and sadly asked a neigh or whether it was better to cut your strawb heds bias with inside pleating, or Pompador with nothing but plain insertion. And the neigh bor was so touched and overcome by this evidence of failing memory that he instantly borrowed a silver-handled fruit knife, four quarts of beans, \$7.50 in money, a clothes horse, two buckets, and a wheelbarrow, and would have borrowed more only there didn't seem to be anything else movable about the premises novable about the premises.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has refused ermission to Miss Lavina Goodell to practice aw, on the ground that she is a woman. There was no question as to the character or qualificaons of the applicant; but she belonged to the roscribed sex and that was all the Chief Justice roscribed sex and that was all the is a high-tone ranted to know about her. He is a high-tone ranted to know about her. He is a high-tone ranted to know and would no he pure atmosphere of home, and would not ermit her "to mix professionally in all the nas-iness of the world which finds its way to the ourts of justice." It is very good of the judge o do all the nasty work himself, but, if a woman rants to see for herself just how nasty it is he night have politely asked her inside the bar. New York judge, we know, would not have

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Accepted: "Six Years After;" "Healing a Heart;
'Cupid at a Farm-house;" "A Ball-room's Les
on;" "The Black Lace Basque;" "A Tryst;
'March of the Warrior Dead;" "A Keepsake;
'Watering the Roses;" "Miss Lola's Mission;

ZENAS E. A. Your MS. probably went to the Dead Letter office if it was underpaid in postage. Spring Fever. Quinine is not harmless by any neans, yet is a most admirable medicine. PETER M. E. In answering a young lady say 'Dear Miss' or 'Dear Madam.'
ARMADEUS. The title of "United States" was adopted by the Continental Congress Sept. 9th,

X. Y. Z. The name is H. H. The sketches are held subject to order. L. C. G. Will send. Supposed you had been reciving paper all the time.

KITTY LAWRENCE. Buffalo Bill is married, and has been for half the years of your life. He is now just off for the Far West.

OBED 2d. Keep the peace if you can. Stepmoth are accountines more loving and considerate than real mothers. Try her for awhile before leaving Sansom St. Our papers are not served by "carrier" in Philadelphia, like the local papers, but by the post-office carriers. Simply give us the house address.

AMY MARSH. Rather late to plant Japan lilies to ANY MARSH. Rather late to plant Japan liles to flower this year. Plant, however, and the bulbs will make a fine growth for next year. These lilies are hardy. Don't lift them from the ground after once planted, unless they become too thick in the bed. Give them a dry (or well drained) planting place, and use no ashes to manure them, at any

time.
Youngstown Tom. A lady, of course, has a right to refuse a gentleman's invitation to ride with him without giving her reasons for the refusal. It would indeed, be indelicate for you to demand an explanation. The refusal, unless very rudely given, ought not even to annoy you. Treat her as a gentleman should treat a lady when you meet her.

SILAS WARNER. Turkey in Europe is the Sultan's own immediate empire. Turkey in Asia (Asia Minor and Palestine) is tributary, and is governed by appointments from the Sultan or his grand vizier. Egypt is a vassalage of Turkey, though of late assuming much the character of an independency.

suming much the character of an independency.

SHARPE'S RIFLES. Service in the U.S. army can only be obtained by enhatment. No soldier can become "an officer" save by commission. The grades of sergeant and corporal only are open to "promotion from the ranks." Sometimes, for specially galant service, a soldier is given a lieutenant's commission, but, as all officers in the regular army are qualified by a severe course of military and engineering instruction at West Point, it will be very difficult for an ordinary soldier to do duty up to the required standard.

required standard.

DON SANKO. Brazil is a vast country, very thinly peopled, doing a large trade in hides, coffee, etc. It is only desirable as a residence for those who prefer a hot climate and can adopt Portuguese modes of life. As to its advantages for a "poor young man" we should say only go there in some secured employ. A stranger there would have trouble to get along, especially if he spoke neither Portuguese, Spanish nor French. It is our opinion that if you watch for your opportunity here you will find it. If Cleveland don't supply it look for it in some other city. The passage to Brazil will cost you, by steamer from New York, about two hundred dol-

lars.

Isabora writes: "I am about moving to my summer home, where I drive a great deal in my own phaeton, having a pretty span of ponies. Now I would like a question decided for me that has troubled me for two seasons past. Is it, or is it not, proper for me to invite gentlemen friends, who may be boarding or visiting in the neighborhood, to ride with me? And is it correct for me to call for them, or should they come to my house, to accompany me?" It is perfectly proper for you to invite gentlemen to occupy a place in your phaeton, and quite correct for you, having set the time for the drive, to call for them.

R. J. Muspey, Fort Trumbull. Obtain a tiny

drive, to call for them.

R. J. Murphy, Fort Trumbull. Obtain a tiny camel's-hair brush, such as is used for water-color painting; also, some powdered niter (saltpeter) and a small vial of glycerine. Dip the brush in the glycerine, and with it moisten the freekles; then dip it in the niter and apply the powder carefully to each spot. In the morning wash off with fair water. Repeat this process nightly perseveringly, and you will find it an excellent remedy.

neat this process nightly perseveringly, and you will find it an excellent remedy.

Theresa and Jor-Joe, Boston, write: "Is mesmerism a natural gift, or can it be obtained; if so, how and where can it be obtained by any person? Oan love at eighteen be real, or is it only a fancy? Do you pretend to read any person's character by their handwriting? If so, please tell what mine is. What do you think of my writing for a girl of sixteen, telling her he loves her, if she loves him would it be wrong for her to express it?" Mesmerism is a natural gift, but one that must be cultivated before it is of much avail to its possessor. However, we do not think researches into that "ism" will at all benefit you, and advise you to let it alone.—Some "love at eighteen" is real, but more is only a fancy.—We do not pretend to read character by a person's chirography—but we should say your character was not yet fully formed.—Your writing is pretty.—A "gentleman of seventeen" had better spend his time perfecting his lessons than writing sentimental poetry, and the "lady of sixteen" had better consign such poems to the flames.

Thomas Bradley, Oakland, writes: "Suppose a young lady's name is Lottie Kies, which is proper, for a young man to address that young lady by Lottie or by Miss?" Unless the gentleman is a near friend, and the young lady has expressed her consent to the same, that young man should address her as Miss Kies.—Neither of the two bruisers mentioned is "the best man." They have not yet been able to settle their respective merits. The less interest taken in such characters the better.

Minnie W. writes: "If a lady goes to church untattended, and while she is there a storm arises, and

terest taken in such characters the better.

Minnie W. writea: "If a lady goes to church unattended, and while she is there a storm arises, and she is not prepared for it is there any harm in her calling upon a gentleman acquaintance present, who has no other engagement, to act as her escort home?" There would be no harm in the act you suggest. A lady may, with perfect propriety, solicit a gentleman acquaintance's protection when needking it; and a gentleman should be happy to do knightly service.

T. B. Unless a gentleman is upon very intimate terms with a lady, and has her permission, he should not think of addressing her by her given name.

Wm. J. Corder, Nyack, writes: "If a gentleman engages himself to a girl and then finds that he does not love her well enough to marry her, how can he free himself from his promise honorably?" Not at all; but you can explain the matter to the lady, and, if she chooses to give you back your freedom, avail yourself of her offer.

TILLIE M. The prettiest monchoir case to make for your gentleman friend will require two half-yard squares of silk or satin—say pink and white. Over a sheet of cotton, quilt the pink satin in tiny, double-lined diamonds. In the same way do the white satin. With delicate sachet-powder between, bind the two pieces together and finish inside and out with quilled satin ribbon. Double the four corners evenly to the center and complete with loop and button, and bow of the ribbon above.

Mrs. W. M. K. Little girls again wear their dresses very short, with the long knee stockings, in solid colors and stripes. Laced shoes, done up with ribbon, and ribbon bows at the tops of the boots, are the style. Navy blue or dark brown remains the favorite color for little ones. Dark silk sacques, edged with fine white lace or embroidery, and nearly as long as the dress, are very handsome.

y as long as the dress, are very handsome.

Sam E. A., St. Louis, asks concerning the etiquette of letters addressed to ladies. Use neat, plain, white or tinted envelope and corresponding paper. Address the envelope distinctly, prefixing the title Mrs. or Miss, as the case may be, to the name, adding name of town, county and State. The name should be commenced to the left, about the middle of the envelope, that none of the superscription be crowded. If the letter is to be sent by a friend, simply the name is written, and under it "Politeness" or "Favor of Mr. Jones," or Mrs., or Miss Jones; if it is to go by messenger, the name only is written, and under it the word Present—unless an answer is to be returned, when Ank is added at the right hand upper corner. Use a whole sheet of paper, write post-office address and date at the right hand side of the page, and the name, a line lower, at the left. If the letter be very formal and business-like, the proper address would be:

Mrs. S. J. Brown.

Madam:

The degree of formality is lessened by Dear Madam. or My Dear Madam, while to a friend you might

The degree of formality is lessened by Dear Madam, or My Dear Madam, while to a friend you might write "My dear Miss." Let business letters be polite but concise. See that all letters are attended to without delay.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

THE MARCH OF THE WARRIOR DEAD,

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In many a valley broad and fair-On many a hist ric plain—
The warrior dead of olden times
Spring into life again.
I see the gallant columns form,
I hear their martial tread;
Ohl what a sight for mortal eyes—
The march of the warrior dead!

They rise who fought with Cœur de Lion
In Palestine, and well;
The steel-clad knights of Agincourt
March with the men of Tell,
And yonder forms a gallant host,
Immortalized by pen;
Six hundred spears are shining in
Thermopylæ's dark glen!

Behold! amid the flow'rs that bloom
Upon Arbela s banks,
A spectral Alexander forms
His Macedonian ranks;
And as the mighty columns wheel,
A distant bugle calls;
And thirty thousand Austrians march
From Prague's beleagured walls!

The earth is shaking 'neath their tread,
As it hath shook before,
And fast before the boreal blast
Fly sounds of northern war.
Ten thousand swords amid the snow
Do shine like drops of rain;
There Charles the Twelfth is marshaling
His valiant Swedes again.

What corp ral guard is trampling down
The slender blades of grass,
That have been green for centuries,
In old Morgarten s Pass?
Their tread is faint, but Freedom hears.
And, smiling, turns to see
The men who broke the Austrian yoke!—
The men who would be free!

Whence come those ranks that o'er the field
With martial skill deploy?
They are the gallant Irish lads
Who won at Fontenoy!
Each man's a man with wrongs to right
In battle's gory brunt;
They shoult they charge! twas thus they broke
Old England's vaunted front.

Now yonder come ten thousand steeds—
A whirlwind on its course—
And Massinissa leads once more
His wild Numidian horse.
From many a field where lilies bloom
Upon the soldier s breast,
Full twenty thousand Frenchmen ride
Behind Murat s white crest!

Oh! what a sight! my heart beats fast,
Mine eyes grow moist with tears;
To see those ranks is worth a life
Of twice ten thousand years.
Ha! there they fade, like specters grim,
Across the length'ning plain;
Now they have gone—those gallant ghosts—
Back to the dead again!

The Men of '76.

SCHUYLER. The Patriot Without Reproach.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

PHILIP SCHUYLER'S very name always excites admiration. With qualities of head and heart that endeared him to the people, his patriotism, energy and sacrifices commended him to the whole country; and now, when time has wrought its compensations and bestowed its verdicts, he takes his place in our Valhalla as one of the most sincere, able and honorable men

of the Revolution. Schuyler came of one of the oldest and most influential families of the old Dutch regime, which, settling on the upper Hudson, gained and retained great influence over the Mohawk Indians—an influence which, during the Revolution, Philip Schuyler used with vast benefits to his people. He was born in Albany, Nov. 3, but his father dying while Philip was yet a lad, he was adopted by his uncle, Colonel Philip Schuyler—a large proprietor of lands on "The Flats"—where Saratoga now stands. He was, as became one of his birth and wealth, well educated, and developed early into a man of unusual parts. When the old French War centered around Lake Champlain he entered the service, and forming an intimacy with young Lord Howe, was made, by that gallant soldier. commissary to the army-a most important trust for a voun man of twent ficiency attested the wisdom of the choice. In the campaigns, which reflected so little glory to the British arms, (see our sketches of Putnam and Stark), he was ardently employed, and it was his melancholy duty to bear the dead body of young Lord Howe to Albany, for burial. Over the Mohawk Indians he alone possessed control, and during the war he was constantly

Schuyler lived in much elegance on the great estate at Saratoga, which came to him by his uncle's death, and when the "troubles" with the mother country began to assume portentous proportions the patriots found in him a zealous friend and champion. The royalist influence of the Johnson family filled all of central and northern New York with Tory partisans, and Philip's two elder brothers espoused the Royal but, he never wavered in his sympathy for the rights of the colonies. His fine house became the rendezvous of whigs; and as the cause, under the inspiration of patriotism, grew in favor, Schuyler was looked to for leadership. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly—a body then composed of only a few men, chosen by the land-owners, to serve for a term of seven In this body his views were so pronounced, and so much in advance of the con servative and timorous king-serving policy of the majority, that he was a recognized "rebel" long before the call for action came.

watching over the fierce red allies.

the Continental Congress which met at Philadelphia in May, 1775, he was sent as dele gate from the upper counties, and hardly had taken his seat when he was named third Major-General on the new army list, with or ders to assume sole charge of the whole northern department—to organize it for offense and defense a herculean task, from which he did not shrink, and to effect which he did not hesitate to draw freely and constantly on his own property, means and personal influence. He threw all upon the altar of patriotism-making sacrifices that no man in all that host of patriots could emulate.

Repairing to Ticonderoga he began the work of making order out of chaos. The invasion of Canada having been ordered by Congress, (see sketch of Montgomery) he labored to arrange for that great adventure, but was so overcome incessant duty that his health gave out, and he left the expedition to go forward under Montgomery's command, while he himself returned to Ticonderoga to attend to the multifarious interests of the department. So many discouragements literally flooded him-the recruits coming forward were so insubordinate, and their officers so new to service and command-Congress expected so much and yet did so little, that, broken in health, Schuyler intimated to Congress and to Washington his wish to re-The correspondence that ensued reflects the high consideration in which he was held. and he was so encouraged by hopes and promises that, sick as he was, he continued the work

of the department. The sad reverses in Canada, due to the terri-

Schuyler—an impression Congress unwittingly fostered by appointing General Lee to the command in Canada, and when this General was soon re-ordered to the new department of the South, General Sullivan was assigned to Canada — without consultation with Schuyler. And, later, when Sullivan brought back from the North only a defeated remnant of the forces dispatched to Canada, he was met at the frontier by General Gates, who bore orders to supersede him, and Gates actually took command f an army now in Schuyler's own posts, yet held himself amenable to no orders from the department commander! Such was the manner in which Congress, with its multitudinous partisanships and numerous intermeddlers, overrode all military orders and personal rights. It was Schuyler's fate to be the victim of this incessant interference by Congress; and he was only held in his place by Washington's personal petitions not to abandon his work.

When Burgoyne came down from the North Schuyler had but the merest skeleton of an army for the emergency. His troops had been drawn off to other quarters and he was left to confront his adversary with such militia as the adjoining provinces could and would contribute. How he abored in those months of the summer of 1777 to gather troops and supplies, to strengthen for-tifications, to increase his artillery, his corres pondence with Washington, with Congress, with the State Governors, a tords painful evidence. Burgoyne reached Quebec in May with an army of over seven thousand men, composed largely of British veterans and German emissaries. this General Carleton added over three thousand Canadians and Indians. The British ar-tillery was by far the finest yet seen on the ield, and every appliance was complete. The design was to move by two columns down upon Albany, and there effect a junction with Sir Henry Clinton's forces holding New Yorkthus severing the New England States from the Middle States, and by actual possession restor-ing the loyalty of New England—a well-con-ceived plan, but underrating both the Ameri-can power of resistance and the people's devo-

June 20th, Burgoyne's army encamped at the river Boquet, on Lake Champlain. June 30th he was at Crown Point, and proceeded with all dispatch to invest the fortress of Ticonderoga, then held by General St. Clair, with three thousand troops. Mount Defiance, a hight commanding the fort, was seized by the enemy, and St. Clair abandoned the old fortifi-cation on the night of July 5th. The enemy struck the retiring column and a flerce conflic ensued. The Americans were defeated, losing nearly one thousand men, much stores, bag gage, etc. St. Clair, with the remnant of his forces, reached Schuyler's camp, at Fort Ed-ward, after a painful march through the woods, July 12th. Burgoyne then pressed on to Skenesboro, and Schuyler, abandoning Fort Edward, retired to Saratoga and beyond-obstructing all the roads and destroying all bridges as he retired. Burgoyne followed, and on July 30th his advance reached the headwaters of the Hudson at Fort Edward.

Burgoyne's auxiliary column under Col. St. Leger proceeded, by way of Oswego, to Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk (Aug. 3d). This, by aid of Sir John Johnson's forces of tories and savages under Brandt and Red Jacket, he hoped soon to capture, but its brave defense by Col. Gansevoort held the enemy at bay and gave opportunity for aid. General Herkimer, with ight hundred men, hastily gathered in Tyrone County, hastened to Gausevoort's relief, but was ambushed, Aug. 6th, at Onskany, eight miles from the fort, and a terribly fierce combat resulted to the advantage of neither party st. Leger pressed the siege more earnestly The delay to reach Albany, according to Burgoyne's plan, must greatly disconcert that plan; but Gansevoort well knew that surrender simply meant massacre by the savages, whom the British could not control. Schuyler. pressed though he was by Burgoyne, and need ing every man, could not hesitate to relieve Fort Stanwix, so dispatched Arnold, Aug. 20th, with eight hundred men, to succor the post. By artfully disseminating reports of his great strength, Arnold succeeded in so frightening St. Leger's Indian allies that they fled, and St Leger himself, deceived by the ruse, left the ground so hastily (Aug. 23d) as to abandon even his guns, brought forward from Oswego with much labor; and Gansevoort sallied out to capture camp, guns, stores, and the enemy in considerable numbers. St. Leger continued his flight to Oswego; and thus failed Burgoyne's scheme for compelling Schuyler to fall back below Albany.

Of the attempt made by the enemy to pene trate Vermont we have already written. sketch of John Stark]. The glorious news of these two British defeats—of Burgoyne's great straits for food, and Clinton's failure to ascend the Hudson, to co-operate with the invader. gave assurance of the victory soon to comevictory which, alas for Schuyler, another was

to appropriate. The continued reverses to our arms in Schuy ler's department excited men in and out of Con gress to clamor for a change. unimpaired confidence in the New Yorker, and counseled no change, but the disturbing influ ence secretly fomented by Gates (who, having found his authority at Ticonderoga subsidiary to that of Schuyler, retired in anger to Phila delphia, to air his grievances), carried the day and Schuyler was astounded on the morning of August 10th to receive the "resolves" of Congress, which summoned a court of inquiry to investigate the affairs involving the loss of Ti conderoga — that being the covert method adopted for placing another in command. This indignity wounded the proud heart sorely, but with a patriotism above all personal consideration tions, he resolved to do his duty to the last mo ment, and when his successor arrived in the person of General Gates, August 21st, the harvest was literally ripe for the sickle. Says

"Colonels Livingston and Pierre Van Cortlandt

Schuyler retired to Albany-his own fine manor house and estates now being within the enemy's lines. He gave to his successor all aid in his power, knowing none of the mean jealousy which was Gates' most serious defect of character. When Burgoyne capitulated none rejoiced more than the man who had been defrauded of the credit of that culmination of the campaign. To the commander-in-chief, and to all discerning men, Schuyler appeared nobler in his retirement that Gates with another's laurels on his brow.

Schuyler's conduct of his department was investigated," and a report made that redounded greatly to his honor; but, though solicited by Washington, and others in authority,

bly inefficient manner in which Congress had sustained the two expeditions of Arnold and Montgomery, served to bring discredit on under a Congress whose ears had been only too under a Congress whose ears had been only too open to calumny and false report, even against the august Washington himself.

The British had shamefully devastated his estate at Saratoga. His mansion and all it contained were given to the torch; his stock he had already consumed to feed his own army: his means he had contributed with splendid freedom to the army's needs, and he returned to his home to restore, by years of assiduous devotion, his greatly impaired fortune.

When the Federal Constitution was before the people and Assembly for adoption, he threw all the weight of his now very great personal influence in its favor, and was chosen one of New York's first national Senators. He was ready and foremost in all schemes of public interest and improvement, and his elegant hospitality made his home a rendezvous for men of

Schuyler's last years were darkened by great comestic affliction. First his wife, whom he loved with deepest tenderness, was taken away then his daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Van Rensselear, died; then his eminent son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton, perished in the duel with Aaron Burr; and under these accumulated sorrows he sunk-dying November 18th, 1804.

Without a Heart:

WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLY-ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE," ETC. ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE day following the horseback ride, a sailooat put into the Wildidle pier, having in tow the little boat Eve.

To the surprise, and I may say disappointment of Eve, Clinton Clarendon was not the occupant of the little craft, but, instead, a negro stepped ashore and approached the mansion, pearing in his hand a note.

A few moments more and Eve held the missive in her hands. It simply read:

"Mr. Clarendon's compliments to Miss Erskine, and begs to return to her the little water waif.
"At another time Mr. Clarendon hopes to have the pleasure of accepting Miss Erskine's kind invitation to call."

"Say to your master, please, that whenever agreeable to him we will be glad to welcome him at Wildidle, and thank him, for me, for returning my boat. Now go to the kitchen and get your dinner before you return," and while the negro turned away, bowing politely, Eve again took up the note.

Yes, it is his writing. How I would like to question this man regarding him; but I dare "Ha! I will invite him to the mask-ball, next

week, and then, from his own lips, I will learn Crossing the room to a small writing-desk,

Eve sat down and wrote, on delicately-tinted

"Colonel Erskine and his daughter will be pleased to have Mr. Clarendon's company next Thursday evening, to attend a mask ball, given in honor of Miss Erskine's birthday anniversary.

"Will Mr. Clarendon, under existing circumstances, pardon the late hour at which the invitation is given, and accept Miss Erskine's warmest thanks for the return of her lost boat?"

Calling a servant she told him to give the note to the one who had brought the Eve, and putting on her new hat, she went forth to join colonel Erskine, who was fishing off the end of

"Well, Eve, you have come down to keep an old man company?" said the colonel, plea "Yes, sir, I have come to enjoy a while in

your pleasant company. You see that Mr. Clarendon has returned the Eve?" "Yes, it was kind of him; but I am sorry

he did not come himself, as you expected he "He wrote that he hoped soon to visit Wild-

idle, and I returned by the bearer of the note an invitation to the ball." "Right, my daughter; and he must come prepared to spend the night with us, for he

man to express my wishes to him in that parti-Ere more was said the servant approached and Colonel Erskine gave him a message for his master, but learned that it was the intention of

Mr. Clarendon to sail down to the city next week, and Eve felt that her meeting with the man she so desired to see must yet be post-As the negro sailed away, heading down the ast, and happy in a liberal fee bestowed upon

him by the generous owner of Wildidle, Erskine turned to Eve, and said, slyly: "Mr. Clarendon will be another string to

your bow, Eve." "Perhaps so, sir; he is certainly a very hand-

And so is Captain Lambert." "True, sir, and he is also a very good man, and I like him exceedingly," promptly answer

'I do not doubt it; rumor says that you love him. "Indeed, father! why I did not know that I was more kind to Captain Lambert than to a

half-dozen others.' "Still, a dozen persons, ladies and gentle have asked me if you were not engaged to the

"Why, father!" 'True, Eve, and it is the general belief in the There is not a word of truth in it, sir: I certainly should not have a secret from you.

'I like Captain Lambert and a number of

earnestly. "I am glad to hear it, Eve, for I do not wish you taken from me—at least yet awhile."
"There is no fear of that, my dearest father.

others, but I love none of them," and Eve spoke

The man I expect to marry is certainly not "Now let me ask you how you like my

masquerade costume? Exceedingly—the dress of a Persian girl

will be most becoming to you. "Under the sad circumstances of the year past, I would rather not have had Wildidle a ene of dancing and merriment yet awhile; but then, the many kindnesses shown us by our neighbors, made me feel that we must give an

entertainment in return. "It was for my sake you did it, sir, and deepy do I feel your kindness to me; but come, the waters are as smooth as glass so let us have a

row in my little boat. "We might as well, for a poor fish has been

hanging to my hook for ten minutes, and I in

blissful ignorance of the favor done me."
So saying, Colonel Erskine and Eve entered the row-boat, and seizing the oars, the maiden sent the little shell flying over the quiet waters.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE MASQUERADE.

BRIGHTLY poured the moonlight down upon

the grand old mansion at Wildidle, and from every window and door came a stream of gasight, to rival the silvery radiance of the "queer

Rapidly there rolled up to the door carriage after carriage, bearing loads of ladies and gen-tlemen from the neighborhood for miles around and all dressed in some fantastic costume, and wearing upon their faces impenetrable masks. In the spacious hallways, the commodious

the masqueraders, who soon, to the strains of sweet music, were tripping "the light fantastic," or otherwise enjoying themselves A few elderly gentlemen and their wives were all that had come unmasked, and at the

doorway stood Colonel Erskine, his handsome, genial face unhidden beneath silken folds, for ne was to receive his guests. At length the last carriage rolled up and de-posited its human freight before the marble portal, the last horseman had arrived, and Col-

onel Erskine turned away to join a whist party in one of the smaller sitting-rooms, leaving the nasqueraders to their own enjoymen Presently a dark form ascended the broad steps, cloaked and masked; but from whence he had come none of the loungers around the

doors and windows knew, for he had not been noticed until his foot was upon the step. Meeting him at the doorway, the servant in charge ushered him into the gentlemen's diningroom, and a few moments after he appeared in the rooms below-a tall, elegant form, clad in the uniform of an officer in the United States

None appeared to know him, and quietly he stalked about the rooms, attracting general attention and admiration, but totally dis beneath his black silk mask, which fitted his

At length he seemed to attach himself to maiden in a Persian costume—the handsomest dress and form in the room; but, unable to solve the mystery of who he was, the fair Persian soon left his arm for a waltz with Captain Lambert, for though he wore a mask, all pre ent told the officer that his uniform and form

Hardly had the waltz ended, when the strange masquerader stepped up to the naval fficer, and said: "There is an arbor in the orange grove to the

ight of the mansion-will you meet me there n half an hour? It is most important." Though seemingly surprised at the request

"I will be there."

As if satisfied, the army officer went leisure y to the dressing-room, and resuming his cloak and hat, left the mansion and wended his way hrough the labyrinth of flower-bordered walks until he came to a small orange grove, in the center of which was a rustic arbor.

Entering the summer-house, he threw him elf upon a seat, and patiently waited for the berson who had promised to meet him there.

Slowly the moments passed away, and then, nickly approaching, he spied the naval officer, he moonlight glistening on the lace and butons of his uniform. A moment more and he also entered the ar-

or, saying, somewhat haughtily:
"You desired me to meet you here, sir."
"Yes—the settlement of differences between

entlemen had better be done in a quiet way, ou know." "I confess I do not understand you, sir; your

roice I fail to recall as before having heard, and I know of no difference between any man in this country and myself—at least, any of a "Mine with you, then, is of a deadly nature

CHAPTER XXIV

THE DUEL EN MASQUE. STEPPING back quickly at the words of the trange man before him, the sailor laid his hand pon the hilt of his sword, while he replied,

'Is this a part of the Wildidle masquerade

or do you really mean what you say?"
"No dying man was ever more in earnest; I eek your life," replied the other, sternly. And why, may I ask?"

"You love Eve Erskine, and rumor says that ou intend to marry her.'

"Indeed! Rumor is most kind; but, what if "Then I forbid it, and if you are not a cow-

rd you will draw your sword and cross mine defense of your honor and your love. As the stranger spoke he drew his sword and tepped out into the broad moonlight, whence was quickly followed by his foe, also with lrawn weapon.

"I allow no man to call me a coward, sir, and ence I am willing to gratify your whim. Deend yourself!

As the sailor spoke he sprung forward, and he two weapons came together with a ringing

stantly the combat became fierce and deady, for both men seemed masters in the art of ence; but the stranger seemed the more powrful of the two, and handled his sword with avage earnestness, until at length he struck up he blade of his foeman and drove his own learning weapon through and through the body f his adversary, who, clasping his hands to his ead, tottered forward, and fell to the ground. Thoroughly cleaning his sword, by wiping it wheeled and walked away, disappearing in the shadow of the park, just as a party of masque raders came leisurely along, strolling toward

A few moments more the two persons in front, a lady in a Persian costume, and a gentleman dressed as a Mexican lancero, started back in alarm, for at their feet lay the form of

'Good God! he is dying—see, he is fearfully wounded," and the Mexican masquerader knelt beside the wounded man, just as the rest of the party, half a dozen in number, crowded up in

"Captain Lambert slain?" said the lady in the Persian dress, her tone one of horror. "It is not Captain Lambert—but Paul Launcelot; see! We exchanged costumes," and springing to his feet the speaker tore aside his mask, and the face of Burt Lambert was re-

Instantly all was excitement; and, tearing her mask from her face, the Persian maiden revealed the beautiful features of Eve Erskine,

while she cried, earnestly: 'Quick! gentlemen, for God's sake! See if

his life cannot yet be saved.

"Bring him into the mansion, while I hasten to tell my father and Doctor Mayhew, who are

playing whist together."

While Eve bounded away, followed by the other ladies, who composed the party, the several gentlemen, directed by Captain Lambert, tenderly raised the form of poor Paul Launce-lot, and bore it toward the mansion.

Into a quiet chamber the wounded man was borne, and Dr. Mayhew at once examined his wound, and with a foreboding look turned

"Doctor, am I dying?" All started, for they had believed Paul auncelot unconscious.

"You are badly wounded, Paul—"
"Do not evade me, doctor; am I not dy-"Yes-I dread to say that it is so," sorrow-

fully responded the kind-hearted man of medi arlors, and the grand old library, congregated Seeing that his patient was rapidly sinking, Doctor Mayhew turned to Colonel Erskine, who

stood near, and said: "He has but a short time to live; would it not be well to at once learn from him who it

was that gave him his death-blow?"
"You are right, doctor, for there seems a
deep mystery over this sad affair that should

be at once cleared up," and then approaching the bed, Colonel Erskine continued: "My young friend, we all feel deeply for

you, I assure you, and the one who has thus cut off your life, in the midst of joy, shall suffer the full penalty of his crime: tell us then why it is we find you thus wounded?"

"I can tell nothing; we met fairly in the duello, and I fell," with great effort replied Paul Laurocelot. Paul Launcelot.

"But, who was your enemy? who struck you down?" That—I—can—never—tell. I— Oh. God!" They were the last words that Paul Launce-

ot ever spoke, for the blood burst in a torrent rom his mouth, and with a groan he fell back,

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS. In dismay and sorrow the masquerade at Wildidle ended, on that lovely moonlit night, for in the darkness of death one of the gayest f the gay had gone forth to traverse the dark

alley, slain by the hand of a deadly enemy With white, scared faces, the fair maidens ought their carriages, escorted by men scarceless pale and agitated—the scene one long to remembered by those who witnessed it, for their gorgeous costumes were in strange con-crast to their hushed manner and bloodless feaures, so lately wreathed with smiles, and ring-

ng with joyous repartee and laughter.

At last all but a few gentlemen, whom Colonel Erskine had invited to remain and endea-vor to solve the mystery of Paul Launcelot's leath, had gone, and the grand old mansion

eemed as quiet as the tomb.

In one of the upper chambers lay the dead planter, awaiting the arrival of his faithful family servants, who had been sent for, and ervously pacing the room, still robed in her corgeous costume, was Eve Erskine, while Captain Lambert stood at an open window, his orgeous yes alternately wandering from the cold form the maiden, and then upon the moonlit scene

Approaching Eve, Captain Lambert remarked, sadly:
"Miss Erskine, do you know I believe, as a

nystery hangs over the death of Mr. Launce-ot, that I was the intended victim."

"You! Captain Lambert? What reason

have you to so think?" asked Eve, in surprise.
"You remember that I changed costumes with Launcelot, and as we are the same in form, none present doubted but that the geneman in my uniform was myself, and during the early part of the evening he told me, with a light laugh, if I had a lady-love he was asured he could impose himself upon her for

me.
"I saw him with but one person—one officer in the uniform of the army, and that man no he has since seen, and as the duel was fought with swords, it must have been that he was the one who killed poor Launcelot

'But what cause could he have had?" "Of that I am ignorant; but I feel that Launcelot was mistaken for me-and, strange as it may seem, I have always had a presentiment that I would die in some such mysterious manner as has our poor friend."

Ere Eve could reply, the servants of the dead planter arrived, and their wailings for their poor young master touched every heart with

From the mansion of Wildidle, poor Paul

Launcelot was conveyed to his own elegant oachelor home, from whence, after two days, he was taken to his grave, beside the tomb he had erected above his dearly loved parents A vast concourse of people followed the body to the grave, for not only was Paul Launcelot loved by all who knew him, but the mysteri-

sympathy for his untimely fate, and a savage indictiveness toward the man who had taken his life. As to who had been the author of this cruel

ous cause of his death awakened an universal

deed, none could imagine, and all efforts to find out had proved unavailing At length, as none knew who had been the officer in an army uniform, suspicion settled upon him, and then around flew various ru-

mors regarding the mysterious man.

Some asserted that he had driven to Wildidle in an unknown carriage that had awaited him in the park. Others said that a saddle-horse had been seen

hitched in the forest near by, and more yet stated that a large sail-boat had put in to the pier, remained a short while, and then de-

At length all the neighborhood seemed of one mind—the man in the army uniform was the slaver of Paul Launcelot.

Then came under discussion the motive for the meeting, and here investigation was compelled to halt, until at length an old story was trumped up, about the fast life Paul ha while abroad, and it was remembered that he had once had an amour with a lady, whose husband becoming jealous, had called him to anwer for a crime of which the young planter

had always declared his innocence. Still he was compelled to meet the enraged husband, and, after sparing his life once, had, at a second meeting, run him through the sword

Thus rumor went on to connect that duel, of rears before, with the one the night of the Wildidle masquerade, and with no other solution of the affair, they were compelled to accept that theory, at least until letters arrived from France to prove an alibi for the gentle-man charged with the deed, for the attorney in charge of Paul Launcelot's estates had at once written to find out all concerning the Count de Vaile, the name of the jealous husband whom the young planter had once wounded in a

(To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

In good old times of long ago,
When Romance dwelt with us below,
And Fancy had not given way
Her rosy rule to Fact's dry sway;
There lived in some far unknown Eastern land,
A happy, social, prosp'rous family band.

Husband and wife, three daughters fair, Five happy hearts without a care; Three rosebuds blooming bright and free, Sweet off-shoots of the parent tree. The youngest is our heroine, and so We skip the rest to paint Fortunio.

A mass of wavy ebon hair—
A skin of olive pureness rare—
With cheeks of faintest crimson dye,
A roguish mouth, a laughing eye.
Combining with her happy, winsome face,
A form of symmetry and perfect grace. Life's but a checkered thing at best— These felt the change among the rest. First death, the father called away, Then troubles sore beset their way. Grim poverty besieged their humble cot, And all the ills by poverty begot.

All bent beneath the cruel blow,
Except the young Fortunio;
Her spirits were too high and free
For rusting inactivity.
She had no time to weep, so dried her eyes,
Resolved by her unaided enterprise,

And willing hearty effort stout, To from their troubles pull them out. She sheared her locks of flowing hair, Exchanged for male her woman's wear: To gain such fortune as she vowed she would Resolved to put away her womanhood. For were not men renowned and great?
While women were content to wait
Outside the gate that led to fame,
Compelled to hunt for humbler game—
To greater hights her roving fancy ran;
So she would dare the fates and seem a man.

What wonderful adventures she
Met in her bold knight-errantry—
What daring exploits caused her name
To sound through courts in trumps of fame,
Do not the minstrel-bards and poets sing?
She won the gracious favor of the king.

This king of all the stories had, What in this case proved very bad, A daughter, who, as you must know, In love fell with Fortunio. This would be well enough, in fact all right,

But circumstances changed the thing here quite Some reason—but I know not why—
The man she loved must surely die:
The king pronounced the doom of woe
On unlucky Fortunio.
Like she whose lord offended great Pizzaro,
Condemned to bare her breast against the ar-

But when her breast the soldiers bare, Behold a white young bosom fair; A woman!" all the courtiers cry, Put up your bows, she must not die." Of course the king, with monarch's usual wit, Saw that the crime she could not well commit

So he his pardon freely gave, And very glad was he to save And very glad was he to save So young and beautiful a life; He gave her to his son to wife. At last the greatest triumph she could show Was gained by being Miss Fortunio.

All tales their moral have they say— Ours has one in this latter day; The female mind on breeches dotes, Revoit against their petticoats. The sanctuaries of the male invade, In politics, the pulpit, stage and trade. But be or do they what they will,
Be sure they will be women still;
Some accident will sure reveal
The soft white breast naught can conceal;
In other words, their very womanheed
Will make their best success their greatest

The Masked Miner: THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG. BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER XXIX. BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

THE sun had been up for an hour, the next morning, when the tall, aristocratic Mr. Morton went forth from the humble cabin of the miner. And when he left it was in company with old Ren who blithely took his way toward the Black Diamond," where he was still a valuable hand.

The stranger did not in the least seem asham ed of old Ben's humble, grimy miner's suit, nor of the plain, unpretending appearance of the hard-working old man. They conversed earnand socially together, until they reached the Mount Washington road. Here Ben struck across the hillside toward the mines, and Mr. Morton hurried on down the road, in the direc tion of the Smithfield street bridge.

When the stranger reached the foot of the road and stood on the abutment of the bridge he paused a moment, and glanced up at the towering precipice of the coal hills. His eyes wandered about restlessly for a few seconds but, finally, they settled on the black, cavernous opening of a mine. Just then a brawny figure stood by that far-away hole, but in a mo ment more had disappeared within the black

Mr. Morton sighed gently, and then, almost instantly, a proud, triumphant smile flashed over his features. But, the smile passed off, too and a serious, determined look settled on his fine face. Seeing, however, that he was attracting considerable attention from passers-by, he hurriedly turned about, and strode on over the bridge toward the city.

Just before he reached his hotel, at the further end of the bridge, he muttered, in an ab stracted manner:

Very strange! wondrous strange! These mutations in fortune! Stranger still that these two characters should play roles in this mys-"Tis difficult to forget past terious drama! events. There's foul-play, double-dealing, ras cality somewhere! It may be well to investigate the matter; something curious may be brought to light, for the man is a scoundrel, if one walks the earth!'

With these strange words, Mr. Morton passed on and entered the Monongahela House-no one paying any special heed to him. This same day, after some searching about

which he did in a carriage and very leisurely Mr. Morton engaged an elegant suite of rooms in a private house on Penn street, and had his numerous articles of baggage sent hither from the hotel. The stranger seemed to court pri-

The conversation which was held the night before between old Ben and his visitor, was prolonged until far into the small hours "Avant the twal'."

And that conversation, though carried on in a low tone, was unflagging and earnest. the course of it, several names familiar to the readers of this story were mentioned more than

At last, however, when the conference was closed, the stranger unceremoniously threw himself upon Ben's bed, and was soon wrapt in profound slumber.

Tis needless, here, to detail the conversation of that night of surprise and joy to old Benjoy that once again he had heard from Tom Worth, his "boy." We cannot wonder, then, after keeping such

late hours, however good his company, that Mr. Morton looked somewhat haggard this morning, as he hurried into his hotel.

The day passed slowly away. After having had his baggage transferred to his room in Penn street, Mr. Morton occupied the time in writing, reading, and then, in overhauling several of his trunks

With old Ben Walford the hours had flown swiftly, merrily away. He seemed like a new man, did this old miner, and those around him in the shafts and dark galleries of the under-ground world, noticed his changed demeanor, and paused more than once to hearken to his bold snatches of song, which now and then rung through the pit.

Old Ben was happy. Why should he not be? He had heard from Tom, and his "boy" had sent him a large sum

And then, too, Ben had the promise of another early visit from the white-whiskered Mr. Morton, to whom it was evident the old miner had taken a wondrous liking.

Night had once more fallen upon the city and its suburbs. The raw autumn wind was blowing lustily, betokening by its chilly breath, the early coming of the winter. A racing squadron of leaden clouds was flying across the sky, and no moon or stars, save at long intervals, mirrored their silvery images in the bosom of the broad rivers hurrying by the dark

It was the night after the arrival of the mysterious stranger—the night after Fairleigh Somerville's induction as owner, into the princely mansion on Stockton avenue - the night after Richard Harley was led away from the lordly dwelling, lately his, to an humble home on Cedar avenue—led away by his doveeyed, sad-faced daughter in black.

The hour was ten, and in this sober, staid lit-tle suburb of Pittsburgh—Alleghany city—the lamp-lighters were already extinguishing the gas in the streets; for, in this exemplary borough, lone in certain localities, the citizens had long since retired for the night, and there was no need of light.

The gas lamps along the quiet, unpretending Cedar avenue had ceased to fling out their glimmer for over an hour. But, in one small, numble house on this retired street there beamed forth a light. It came from a curtainless window on the first floor of the little tenement.

Two figures, both brawny and athletic, crept cautiously along the lonely avenue. They paused once or twice to look around them, but only for a moment.

I must—I must be satisfied!" muttered one "I cannot sleep until I have found their abode.

"Yes, yes, sir; I know your feelings, and—Ha! 'sh! 'sh! There, sir! there!" and the other sunk his voice to a whisper, even lower than that in which they had been conversing.

The first speaker paused and glanced across the street, in the direction his companion had pointed. He started as if shot, and trembling in every limb, sunk back against the fencing which skirted the Common. But he gazed again. Just opposite from these two men was the

curtainless window, aglow with light, to which we have referred. Standing in the broad flash, which sparkled from the window, was a stately maiden, with a sad visage, her hair falling in disarray—her eyes red with weeping, her arms gently clasping an old man round the neck—the old man leaning motionless over the back of a chair. In an instant, however, the maiden released

ner arms from the old man's neck, and going to the window flung up the sash, and drew the shutters hastily to.

The tall man without, who had staggered back against the friendly railing, slowly straightened up and whispered:

"Come, my friend; I now have seen! We must be gone.

The two hurried swiftly away from the spot toward the black-bosomed river. As they passed a single, solitary lamp, left burning, as it were, by an oversight, the rays flashed upon them; but they were gone so quickly that he low take advantage of him. who came last was only revealed. He was an that the old man did make a old man with a giant frame, hard-featured and

They hurried away, and in ten minutes entered a carriage on Federal street, and drove off toward the Suspension bridge

The day following, about ten o'clock in the norning, an elegant carriage drew up in front of a lowly two-story house on Cedar avenue, in Alleghany city, and Felix Morton descended from the vehicle.

"Drive to the corner yonder and await me; will come in a few moments," he said Yes, sir," replied the coachman, obsequi-

Mr. Morton paused as the carriage drove off, and gazed covertly, half-pityingly at that unpretending tenement, now sheltering one who, in a former day, had boasted of his great

Just then old Ben Walford, staggering along under a huge basket, rapped at the little side alley. Ben had a holiday this morning from the mine, and a joyous glow was overspreading his face. It may have been that the holiday occasioned this; or, perhaps it was the result of the hundred pounds his absent friend Tom Worth had sent him by this same stranger.

The old man did not seem surprised at Mr. Morton, though it was evident that the atter was startled at the sight of the miner. "This is my offering, sir," said the old man.

n a low voice, smiling sweetly and good-na-

Mr. Morton did not answer; he simply placed his gloved finger upon his lips, and turning at ce, walked up the steps and rung the bell

Old Ben disappeared in the alley, and in a moment a glad, joyous voice—that of a female —was heard welcoming him warmly. Then there was a silence, and then a sob. Then old Ben's honest words were heard saying, sternly: "Bear up, bear up, Miss Grace! You've friends still, and you see old Ben has found you,

and he thinks more o' you than ever Mr. Morton's frame shook. But, suddenly hambling footsteps were heard within the hall: then the bolt was turned by a feeble hand. The door opened, and poor old Richard Harley, sad and worn, anxious and haggard clad in dress

ing-gown and slippers, stood there. The stranger evidently had need to control himself; but, despite his efforts, he shook in every limb, and a yearning, sympathizing look came to his face, as his eyes fell on the ruined x-iron merchant. But, he managed to force a composure to his face, and self-possession in

Mr. Harley himself started back as he saw the richly-clad stranger standing there; and, do what he could, a blush of shame came to his cheeks, and then a tear dimmed his eye. Mr. Morton pretended not to see these trace

"I presume this is Mr. Richard Harley!" "Yes, sir, I am he. Walk in, sir. I am poorly established as ye', sir, but-"

of emotion, and said, with a bow

"Not a word, Mr. Harley," interrupted the other, hastily. "Excuse me for not entering, sir. I am somewhat pressed for time to-day, and, as I have called on business, I'll be brief,

He paused for a moment, Mr. Harley looking

at him all the time with wondering eyes.
"My name is Felix Morton, sir," continued the stranger, hastily. "I have been empowered by a friend of mine—a former acquaintance, I believe, of yours, long months since—to hand you this parcel. I have guarded it carefully, sir, and now beg to place it in your hands, and I wish you good morning cir." I wish you good-morning, sir.

Mr. Harley took the parcel as one in a dream; but, before he could speak, Mr. Morton had

The old man shuffled back into the room, and sunk in a seat. As soon as he could recover himself he tore open, with trembling fingers, the stout package or envelope. A sheet of paper fell out. The old man spread it open, and took therefrom several bank-notes.

With amazement showing in every featuremore as if he was dreaming than waking—the old man again spread out the sheet, and read the following:

the following:

"My Dear Sir:

"I have not forgotten your kindness to me, long ago, on the East Liberty road, when you took me in and sheltered me. And though I and my fortunes, since then, have been under a cloud, yet I have not ceased to remember you with gratitude, whatever your feelings have been toward me. Remember me—if you can conquer unseemly prejudice—to Grace, and assure her of my unchanging love. I inclose a sum which may serve to show you—though you are a rich man—that I am not lacking in gratitude. May God bless you under all circumstances, and may He bless Grace, too. I send this by a safe hand, and though many miles are before him, he will deliver it safely. You will know who I am when I sign myself. Yours, with gratitude,

"Tom WORTH."

The letter fluttered down, and the old man gazed speechlessly at the four fifty-pound notes which had dropped from the parcel. And then, as a heartfelt prayer of gratitude was going up from his soul, he felt a hand laid gently upon his shoulder.

Grace Harley, as always, clad in black, was standing there, and her eyes were filled with tears—her lips were trembling, and a holy love and joy were filling her bosom.

She had read every line of Tom's letter! CHAPTER XXX

A LEGAL DOCUMENT DRAWN AT MIDNIGHT. It was a dark night, just one week after the ccurrences detailed in the previous chapter. But few lights were as yet lit in the streets of Pittsburgh, and over on the black crest of the Coal Hills everything was in absolute gloom.

Though the night was somber and dismalthough the beetling line of the Coal Hills was wrapped in darkness, yet, within the cabin of old Ben, the miner, a bright light was burning, orighter than customary.

The old man had company, and company which he evidently prized. The coarse shutters to the single window were closed and bolted, and the common curtain of calico was dropped before the narrow panes. Not a ray from the flaming lamp stole forth to let those outside know that there were wakeful eyes in this hum-

ble home of the miner.

Mr. Felix Morton had laid aside his overoat, and was seated comfortably near the little stove. He was leaning his head slightly forward, and his face was overcast with a shade of deep, anxious thought. With this expression was mingled one of conviction and settled deter-

Opposite to him, his eyes bent intently upon his guest, was old Ben. It was plain that an earnest conversation had been held, and that now the pause was temporary.
"No, Mr. Walford," said the stranger, as if

his mind was fully made up, "I am more than ever convinced that a most dastardly wrong has been committed. Ever since, on my arrival, I learned of this singular, this deplorable state of affairs, I have been thinking of the matter, and laying my plans. Fairleigh Somerville is a scoundrel of the deepest die!"

"I agree with you there, Mr. Morton; but it seems very strange to me—though I am an unlearned man—that old Harley should be so dumb, sir-so unbusinesslike, as to let the fe that the old man did make a big fortune, and he must have had judgment and brains to do

'That may all be, but I have learned enough to know that Mr. Harley spent money reckless-ly—that he went security for irresponsible par--that he lost thousands upon thousands of dollars upon ventures that were mere phantoms. Now, it is not a hard matter to in the old man as anxious to retrieve his fortune

to make his money back, you know."
There was a pause. Old Ben seemed struck with the words of the other.

"You are right, sir, right as you always I see through it now," he said, approv-

Then ensued a low conversation, which lasted several moments. At length old Ben said, aloud:

Exactly; but how about the house, and-"I was going on to say, that this fellow, beng aware of the financial condition of Mr. Harley, offered to advance the necessary money for the investment—this investment, as I remarked, a fraudulent one. He allowed the matter to go on from time to time, and then, finally, pushed the old gentleman for a settlement There being no funds, this man took a lien on the mansion as his security.

"Exactly, Mr. Morton; that is, to extent. But, you know, I am no scholar; and how, if this was a speculation matter, the old merchant couldn't see through it-as no recurns, dividends, or whatever you call them,

failed to come in?" Mr. Morton hesitated, but only for a mo-

"With a man like Somerville," he said one who has such a smooth tongue and so plausible a manner—we can readily credit him with inventing reasons for anything. You know him of old. But the time will come! and the stranger smiled grimly, though he con-tinued at once. "You may be satisfied, then, that, in this matter, he blinded the old man. I am certain I am not far from being right. And I'll probe the matter to the bottom! tice to more than one shall be done!" and the stranger's eyes flashed as he spoke Old Ben glanced at him, pondered for a mo-

ment, and then said, slowly You are right, Mr. Morton. I see it all plain enough now; and as you say, sir, justice must be done! I haven't forgotten old days

and certain deeds! We'll work together, sin "I have reckoned on you all along," said Mr. Morton, quietly, "and the sooner we work, the "I am ready, sir, and waiting," replied old

Ben, promptly A conversation, carried on in a low breath

sued, lasting until a late hour in the night. Then Mr. Morton arose.

'It shall be so," he said, decidedly. work is hazardous, but we will do it. If we are detected—especially should we be wrong in the probabilities too much in our favor, for us have nothing to fear; we'll to work!"

The men at once drew near the table. On

Another pause ensued, but the stranger soon broke the silence by saying:

"Be sure to call on Launce to-morrow. I searched him out myself. You can approach him better than I can. I am satisfied that he is an honest man at heart, and has been the dupe of this scoundrel. See him and—why, you know, if money is needed, call on me. ready to-morrow night; I will reconnoiter the premises to-day. If such an evidence is in existence, it must be near his person. But, wherever it may be, we must have it. Good-

In another moment, having thrown his over-coat over his shoulders, the stranger opened the door and hurried forth

When he had gone, old Ben approached the table, and drawing the lamp near him, examined closely the plan of a house rudely sketched

on a sheet of paper.
"I can do it, if I am old and stiff!" he muttered. "And I half-way believe Mr. Morton is right. What a wonderful man is this stranger who brought me such good news of

my noble boy, Tom!" Then he extinguished the lamp; and, as a low chuckle escaped his lips, the old man sought his couch

Another day dawned and passed away, and the shades of night gloomed again over the earth. A cold north-east wind was blowing rudely over the sleeping city; a drizzling, searching rain was falling, and the night was dismal in the extreme.

Long since the streets had been deserted; for, in addition to the cheerless out-door scene, the hour was late. The clock from a neighboring iron-mill had just struck twelve.

Suddenly, two figures, well wrapt in long cloaks, emerged from the shadows by the Fort Wayne depot, and took their way toward Stockton avenue. They were soon in this dark street. They paused for a moment and glanced behind them, and then ahead.

"We are near the house," whispered one of the men; "we must be careful. Did you see

Yes, sir; he is all right-is an honest man, after all, and wants no money. He is anxious to be free from that villain; but for one week his hands are bound by an oath. He has a high opinion of an oath, sir.

"And I of him, on that account! He shall not lack for a friend when he needs one. But, come; we have work before us. Have your pistol ready. We must deal with villains, if other arguments fail, with powder and ball, and I solemnly swear that I will know the truth in this matter!'

'You are right, sir, and I am ready," was

the quiet response. Without another word the two walkers strode swiftly, though cautiously, onward. A few moments elapsed, when they suddenly paused. They were standing in the shade of the imposing Harley mansion, now the residence of Fairleigh Somerville, the millionaire. The men again glanced cautiously around them. Then the taller of the two gently opened the inner gate and entered the front yard. His

companion followed. They hesitated not, but took their way noise lessly to the curved archway, leading by an alley, to the rear of the dwelling.

The raw wind still moaned along the streets and the cold rain pattered ceaselessly down. The men, bent on such a mysterious errand, soon stood in the yard or court to the rear.

"He sleeps there!" whispered one of the men, at the same time pointing to a window of a room on the second story. "An iron hook is below that window-sill; I know it well. Be guarded now, as you value life itself, and cast

The other, silently, and without replying, drew from beneath his cloak a coil of rope knotted with cross-pieces so as to form a ladder. He glanced up and measured the distance with his eye. Then, dropping the cloak from his shoulders, he slung the coil slowly around

his head several times, and then let fly.
But in an instant the rope rattled down Thanks, however, to the sighing wind and the pattering rain, the ladder gave forth

no sound as it fell. Again the man flung the coil-again it came

down; and again and again. "Toss higher, and more to the right," whispered the other, who seemed to superintend

matters. The man obeyed. This time a half-cry of satisfaction escaped his lips, for the ladder had The man tried it with his hand—then

with his full weight. The ladder was firm.
"Let me go first," whispered the taller man his voice beginning to be tremulous with excite ment. As he spoke, he drew from his pocket small revolving pistol, and placed it in his vest-bosom. Then he secured the long cloak around his waist with a stout cord. He waited no longer, but grasping the side-lines of the slen-

began the ascent. In a moment he had reached the window He gently unhooked the shutters and swung them noiselessly back. Then he tried the win low. A joyous cry almost burst from his lips as the sash moved up without a sound, under his touch.

der ladder, swung his feet from the ground, and

Beckoning his companion to follow him, the tall man placed his hands on the window-sil and leaped lightly into the room. Scarcely breathing, and not stirring hand or muscle, he stood still until the other below had flung his cloak again over his shoulders, and, securing it around him, mounted the ladder.

A moment, and he, too, was in the apart ment, standing silent and motionless by the side of him who had entered first The room was in absolute darkness.

men listened intently. At first they could hear nothing but, after a few moments, the longdrawn, heavy breathing of a sleeping man was orne to their ears.

One of the men took from beneath his coat a dark-lantern, and springing it on, paused. The straight flash of light gleamed out, and in an instant lit up the room. Among other things, it revealed the men who had come on this bold enterprise. But nothing could be seen of them save that their forms were enveloped in long loaks, and their faces hidden beneath black

The man who held the lantern slowly and autiously turned the light around. At last its beams fell upon a bed. Lying on that bed was Fairleigh Somerville, locked deep in slumber. The tall man softly approached the sleeper's couch. His feet seemed shod with down so noiselessly he walked. A moment, and he stood over him who slept so soundly. A wild, violent convulsion swept over his frame, and in a moment he had thrust his right hand into his

bosom.

"Villain! your day comes! Its dawn is breaking!" said the masked man, in a hourse. our surmises-I will not deny but that we run whisper, as he turned off toward his compan-

a great risk. But the stake is too great, and ion. "He sleeps soundly," he continued; "we

"You can count on me, sir, in any event in this or any other work." The old miner spoke very decidedly.

this table were spread papers in wild confusion and disarray. While his companion held the lantern, the other—the taller man—leaned over

and set to work to examine the papers hurriedly. The sleeping man moved not, and naught was heard in the room save the faint rustle of the papers, the sighing of the wind, and the mono-

tonous dropping of the rain. Suddenly the man paused in his search, and, reeling back, gasped for breath.

Then he slowly pointed to a page in a memorandum-book which he had spread open.
"Read, read, my friend! Read the truth!

for we have now conquered, indeed!" voice was hoarse and hissing, yet still guarded,

The other leaned down and glanced at the scribbled lines; but he shook his head.

"Read it for me," he replied, in a cautious whisper, his words short and excited. "You know I am only an uneducated man and no

His companion drew him down, and in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible, he read:

"This day closes my advances for old Harley. I wonder if he has found out the ruse of the oil well yet? No. He can never find it out! And I now hold his fine mansion legally, for a loan of sixty thousand dollars! Ha! ha! And, in a week, I'll claim the house or the money. Nice speculation! Ha! ha! ha! and the old fool, nor his white-faced daughter, dream not of my revenge—oh! how sweat!"

The men uttered not a word. The one who had read the entry in the memorandum-book shook violently. The other looked on, and his brawny hands clutched each other viciously. The tall man pondered for a moment, and then whispered:

"We have conquered, and justice shall now be done! Ay, this hour! Watch him! If he moves before I am done writing, throttle him!

Spare him not!" He instantly seated himself softly by the table and drew toward him pen and paper. Then he

began to write rapidly. The other at once moved cautiously to the bedside and kept his gaze bent on the man who

slept so soundly. A moment or so elapsed, when he who was writing arose slowly to his feet. On the table lay a half-sheet which he had hastily written over. Without speaking to his companion further than to say:

"Be ready for anything!" he approached the bed at once. Laying his hand on the shoulder of him who slept, he said, hoarsely:
"Awake, Fairleigh Somerville! Awake, I say! Justice calls you!"

The speaker started and sprung upon his el-

bow. One glance at the two dark-clad masked figures, and he was about to cry out. But, intantly, a pistol-barrel was pressed to his temple, and a hoarse voice said in his ear: "One cry, Fairleigh Somerville, and by the Lord that judges all things, I'll send a bullet through your brain! Be still and be wise!

Now, man, retribution has overtaken you! Here!" and he dragged him fiercely from the bed to the table; "do you recognize that writing?" and he pointed, with shaking finger, to the entry in the memorandum-book Fairleigh Somerville almost sunk to the floor,

and his teeth chattered with fright. 'Ay! I see you recognize it! Now, villain," continued the tall man, in a low, freezing tone: "Sign that paper which I have written. Here it is; sign it, and we will witness it!"

"What—what is it?" gasped the man. "A deed of quit-claim and transfer which I have drawn to suit my purpose, of this mansion and the furniture it contains, to its rightful owner, old Richard Harley, whom you have o basely defrauded."

"Oh, God! I cannot! I will not!" "Then, by Heaven, I'll shoot you through the head!" And the tall man clutched him by the throat, and pressed the pistol again to his head. His grasp tightened upon the writhing neck of the other, and his finger was upon the creaking trigger.

"Hold! hold!" stammered the poor wretch Release me; take away the pistol and I will

"Good! Now mark me, Somerville: if you are to be found in this house day after to row, you need not hope to escape a righteous ance which has been tracking you for years! Swear to me that you will vacate this use to-morrow. Swear at once-or you know the consequences!"

"Yes—yes! I—I—swear!"
"All's well, then. Now affix your name to that sheet of writing, and be quick about

Somerville took the pen held out to him in his trembling grasp, and again glanced over the few clear, bold and unmistakable words which had been so hastily written. He hesitated and turned away; his face paled and wrinkled into a frown. But, he felt the eye of the unknown stranger burning into his very soul, through that hideous black mask, and, with a desperate gesture and a fearful oath, the baffled man drove the pen rapidly along the line pointed out for his signature. He then shoved the paper toward the one who had thus conquered

The man glanced at the signature and mut-"All right; now my friend and myself will As he spoke, he drew the paper to the other side of the table, and, taking a pen, quickly affixed his name. Motioning to his companion

to do the same, he drew to one side Whatever might have been his friend's inten-Whatever migus have been slow in signing his name. Perhaps it was because his his were so large and horny. But, at last he laid

the pen down with a satisfied air. The tall man took the paper, and folding it up, placed it carefully in his bosom. 'Tis well, Fairleigh Somerville," he said; and you may thank your good angel that you have escaped thus lightly. Remember your

oath and be wise. Now we will go. Of course ou can speak of this if you choose. "And who-who are you?" gasped Somerville, for he had not seen the signatures. "Why, look at me, Fairleigh Somerville,

and say if you can recall me and my memory now? As he spoke, he suddenly hurled his mask aside, and peered in the face of the other.
"My God! my God!" muttered Somerville,

Another moment, and the tall man, follow ed by his brawny companion, had disappeared through the window which was still open.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 318)

THE instincts of the ant are very unimportant, considered as the ant's; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, nd the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed,

that it never sleeps, become sublime.

SPRING'S AWAKENING.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Again the pulse of Nature thrills,
And on her face the awakening smile
Beams gloriously on winter's frown,
Where dreariness has sat the while.
Again the currents of her streams
Resume their living course and flow,
And rippling, dancing they rejoice
While mocking winter's tardy snow.

Again the meadows emerald green
All smiling, in the sunlight lie,
And zephyrs with the grass-blades play
Beneath an azure, tranquil sky.
Again the trees are trembling with
Their new-born leaflets soft and pale,
While flowering shrubs in beauty bloom,
Hushed is the winter's chilly wail.

Again the blue-bird flits without
And seeks the scenes to him once dear;
He chirps and builds his nest again
In which his tender chicks to rear.
The robin, too, has left the south
To find the apple-tree again,
Which budding, soon will shower down
The petals of its blooms like rain.

The children happier never were,
Than on this pleasant day in spring;
The cloudless sky above them all,
And 'neath their feet sweet blossoming
of thousand flowers' various hues;
The butterflies they chase all day,
Careless and free from field to field;
Who would not be a child in May?

When in the west the sunlight fades, The cooling shadows gather round
And calm the brows of weary ones,
Till they with peaceful rest are crowned.
Again fresh vigor in the morn
They find within Spring's balmy air,
The buoyant spirit gains fresh power,
And harmony dwells everywhere.

Nick o' the Night:

THE BOY SPY OF '76. A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIGHT AT THE DOUBLE OAKS. ABOUT the hour of Nick o' the Night's departure from Marion and his band in company with the negro who had delivered the challenge, a solitary person rode from Wingdom Hall. The night was calm and the mellow rays of a lofty moon fell alike on horse and rider. The latter sat proudly in the rich saddle, and the dark eyes above the pallid cheeks were full of fire. An empty sleeve hung mournfully at his left side, and the bridle-rein lay lightly in his only hand. He wore a handsome cavalry saber, and there was a pistol in his belt.

After debouching upon the well-defined road that ran by the great gate, at the foot of the Wingdon estate, the lone horseman guided his steed toward the east, and rode in that direc-tion in a walk. He did not seem in a hurry, for he even relinquished the rein and gave him self up to meditation.

At length the ride terminated, and the night rider sat in his saddle beneath the boughs of two giant oaks that grew like twins beside the

"I am here! Now let him meet me!" said in a voice tinged with bravado. Nero finds him he will come, for I know his mettle. By George, the king! I have tested

The speaker was Lancaster Wingdon, and he waited with impatience for the hour of

We left him last on a bed of pain in the grand old mansion from which he had lately ridden. The reader will readily recall the battle in Wingdon Hall—the fierce conflict that cost the young Tory one of his trusty arms. Long days burdened with pain followed the events of that night, and long nights of restlessness tortured the young loyalist's mind. He had sworn that he would live—live for vengeance, and his de-termination to conquer death aided in his restoration. He watched his strength return with an impatience which he could not disguise, and when he could wield a saber again he shouted for joy. He practiced with the sword and the saber during his convalescence, his father, a good swordsman, becoming his antagonist in the mimic strife. Day after day the ring of steel resounded throughout Wingdon Hall, and the servants wondered why the crippled master practiced swordsmanship so incessantly.

When Lancaster Wingdon could mount his horse, when, with the reins over the pommel, he could ride through the Wingdon park and strike off limbs with the saber—when he could shoot accurately at full gallop, he penned the challenge and sent his favorite servant upon his enemy's trail.

Night after night he had ridden to the oak, where until midnight he had waited for the coming of the foe. He was inclined to doubt Nero's faithfulness at last; but the colored man was true; he was hunting for the formidable will-o'-the-wisp of the South.

Let us return to the young Tory and the night that witnessed the rescue of our youthful hero from the guns of the English dra-

He sat beneath the boughs of the double oaks counting the minutes, and listening intently The least sound caught his ears, and a smile soon to be dissipated by a profound silence would wreathe his lips in satisfaction.

At last there came a sound that could not be misinterpreted. It was the noise of horses' feet, and the young

Tory soon descried two figures advancing from the west. He hastened into the road, as if to bar their progress, for a voice which had fallen upon his ears told him that one of the riders was the slave Nero.

The horsemen continued to approach until,

at sight of the immovable figure in the road, Massa Lancaster!" exclaimed the negro,

frightened at the youth whom he had recog-"De Lord bress us, dar'll be a battle here, sugh !" The silence of a moment followed the dar-

key's exclamation.
"I am here, Lancaster Wingdon!" said the

white rider beside the slave. So am I!" The challenge found me in the midst of

Marion has overtaken Captain Mc Clintock's detachment, and, with the exception of a few who are dead, its members are prisoners-of-war. You want to fight me. A am ready; but let me tell you that the odds are in You have but one arm!"

"Which is equal to both of yours!" the young Tory replied, grating his teeth. "I fight with any kind of weapon, and you will discover that I discover that I am no mean antagonist. Of course you rode hither to fight me, and it is not necessary to brand you coward, bandit and mur-

Nick o' the Night's eyes flashed.

'No! I came hither to resent the insult which none but a Tory can give!" he cried.
"Being the challenged party I select. The weapons shall be the saber; we shall retire eighty rods and charge each other at the same

"It suits me; but it gives you a chance to fly. The young partisan bit his lip and grew pale

beneath the cutting taunt of cowardice.
"When I leave this field it shall be as victor or in death," he said. "Lancaster Wingdon, dismiss your black, and let us seek our charg-

ing stations. I want no witness to this, our last battle, save the Great Jehovah!"

A moment later Nero was dismissed, and

when he had retired from view the two duelists traversed the road in opposite directions.

At forty rods westward from the tree Nick the Night halted, and wheeled about, and saw his foe do the same in the distance.

There was a moment's silence when, as it had oeen agreed, Lancaster Wingdon's voice came down the road:

'Are you ready?" "Ready!" was the response.
"Then charge!"

Two black horses struck at the same moment by sharp spurs darted forward like great cannon-balls, and the thunder of hoofs floated neavenward to die among the stars.

Closer and closer together they momentarily came, their young riders awaiting the terrible collision with flashing eyes and eager sabers. Laneaster Wingdon had dropped the reins which at the start he gripped with his teeth, and his whole soul was in the fire of the mo ment. His antagonist sat in the saddle with body slightly bent forward, and a gleaming saber hanging idly, as it seemed, at his right side. But his eye was on the foe, and his long hair, streaming in the midnight breeze, caused him to look like a cavalier of the days of England's Charlie.

Eighty rods are soon traversed by charging norses: the thunder of hoofs was of brief duration, for, in less time than I have described the positions and looks of the duelists, they

Met in the moonlight just beyond the branch

es of the double oaks.

A second before the collision Nick o' the Night sent his body backward like the rebound of a rubber ball, and when his saber, aimed at the young Tory's head, descended with terrible force, it met another blade sweeping like a battle-ax toward his own cranium.

The shock was gigantic-like the meeting of two knights in olden tourney. The black horses recoiled on their haunches, and the riders were almost lifted from the saddles by the olliding sabers.

They recovered almost simultaneously "Go back to your charging station!" cried Nick o' the Night to his antagonist. "We must fight in this manner until yon southern moon shines upon a victory."

The look he received was full of hate and "I will fight till your sword cleaves my skull, or mine yours!" was the reply, and again the young duelists retreated for the charge. The sole witness of the duel was the parti-

san's dog who stood in the shadow with his eyes

on his young master.
"Hark!" cried Nick o' the Night to himself. when for the second time he had taken posi tion. "Some person is coming from the south. He must not interfere in this affair of mine.

By my life! it may be Marion!"

Then, almost before the name of his chief had eased to quiver on his lips, he gave the com-

mand for the second charge.

Again the horses sprung forward, and approached each other like arrows. The blood of each seemed tingling in their veins, and their eyes flashed like the eyes of their riders. Nick o the Night heard the noise of hoofs in the south. He feared that the unseen person would burst suddenly upon the dueling ground,

and directly between him and his foe.

The road that led to the south joined the main one at the double oaks, and the young partisan hoped to meet the Tory beyond that

To do this he drove the spurs into Santee's bowels, and leaned forward in his eagerness. Would he pass the mouth of the southern road before the new-comer could dart from it and fling himself between the two horses? his energies to the accomplishment of his desires but in vain!

All at once a dark object bounded into the lueling road.

It seemed to come from the lowest boughs of the oaks, and in the center of the road it paused

and remained there like a mass of iron. The young patriot uttered a cry of horror. He threw his body erect, spoke to his horse, and flung him back upon his haunches by a powerful jerk at the rein.

Lancaster Wingdon was not so fortunate. Singular to relate, he had not heard the tread of hoofs in the south; the wind had been against him, and he was not prepared for the udden appearance of the apparition.

Therefore, he bounded against it with the force of the thunderbolt; he rooted it from its seemingly immovable position, and with it went to the ground with a wild shriek of terror and despair!

was a terrible collision, and Nick o' the Night's face was deathly white as he witnessed His ears had saved him; but he wished that he had passed the road in time and engaged his enemy. He believed that the man orne to the ground by Lancaster Wingdon was Marion himself, who had arrived on the spot for the purpose of putting an end to the duel; and the thought that his chief might be slain was enough to cause him to leap from the saddle, and hasten to the dark, struggling mass

The dog seeing his master's movement darted forward, and with a sharp cry of anger leaped over the prostrate horses and seized, by the shoulder, a man who was trying to

"Whig! Whig! let go your hold!" cried the patriot, seizing the beast's shaggy coat, and tearing him rudely from his victim. "Touch no one here without my command!"

Abashed and sullen the dog slunk away, and from near the horses looked on the scene

Two riders and their steeds formed a conclomerate mass in the moonlit road, and the patriot recognized the interloper with a strange

'What! you here, Jotham Nettleton?" "Yes!" was the response, which was fol-lowed by a groan. "Isn't it strange that we three enemies should meet here? My horse is dead; he is lying on my leg which is crushed.

Nick o' the Night looked from the trooper to his young enemy who lay still in the moon-light, his body half-hidden by the body of his horse, writhing in the pain occasioned by broken

limbs "I believe he is dead," he said, and with the last word on his lips he approached the

At touch of his hand Lancaster Wingdon did not move, and the patriot's eyes returned

"He is dead!"

out of this, Nick o' the Night. I do not see ted between Azalea and the Hall. that we should be enemies now."

What papers ?" "Those which you took when you killed Hugh

"Yes," he said, after a pause. "They are in my bosom. Since that night I have been an outlaw. Colonel King's men have hunted me, so have Marion's. But I'll soon be free. Nick, I want to see my sister.

The boy extricated Jotham Nettleton, and with great difficulty assisted him to a place on Santee's back. Then he left the tragic spot, and when Nero, trembling with fear, crept from his place of concealment, he found the dew falling on his young master's forehead.

The rivalry that had existed between Nicholas Brandon and the young Tory was ended. The cause of the King had lost another sword.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH WHICH OUR STORY ENDS. "THEY may not come to-night. Are you

ertain that he said they would reach Azalea before dawn ?" "Quite certain, dearest Bertha. I left Mar-

ion's camp two hours since, and Helen was impatient to start.' The twain, Bertha Latimer and Captain Clayton, stood on the porch of the old mansion with anxious faces turned toward the road that run by it—the road over which Tarleton had often chased Marion, and vice versa. They were alone. The young girl was still arrayed in mourning garments, and her companion wore the plainest undress uniform allowed in the

British army. She looked strangely at him while he spoke, and then said in a low tone: 'So you have really left the service, Grey cliffe ?

'Yes, Bertha; these Americans are fighting for freedom; their wrongs and their gallantry have won my heart. I have been to their camp. They fight not for money; their food s coarse, the earth their pillow. Such men make the best patriots beneath the sun. I can not fight against them. My resignation is written; it will be accepted. Let the king's men call me poltroon, traitor, if they like! but so long as 1 live I will never redraw my sword

against liberty in any land." Despite her monarchical proclivities Bertha Latimer's face glowed with enthusiasm, while he uttered his declaration, and when the last had fallen from his lips she gently touched his

"I shall be the last to speak against your change of heart," she said. "Greycliffe, though I love the king's cause, I do not love you the less for deserting it. If the Americans succeed in this struggle, we shall not suffer. God will bless us under Washington's banner, as he has under the flag of Saint George.

Captain Clayton was about to reply when the tramp of a squadron fell upon his ears.

"Hark! they come!" he exclaimed, looking at Bertha. "Helen, my sister, at last!"
A moment later the clinking of sabers was

plainly heard, and a troop of cavalry drew rein Bertha Latimer darted from the captain's side, and embraced a young girl whom the eader of the troop assisted from the saddle.

It was Helen! Once more the old mansion stood before her: out he whom she had long called father was

not present to greet her return.

Perhaps it was well that he had been called to his account, for the papers that Helen carried in her bosom—the papers taken by Jotham Nettleton from Azalea on the night of the master's murder, told her that he was a criminal. The great crime of Hugh Latimer's life was committed in the mother country. He wanted property, and after many base intrigues, sent a young widow and two children to sea. He sent villains off in the same vessel. The did their work. In the midst of a storm they scuttled the vessel—the Pict. The mother perished; but the children lived. The girl fell into Hugh Latimer's hands; so did many thousands of pounds. The child was Helen—not Helen Latimer, but Helen Nettleton! He fled with his ill-gotten wealth to Carolina, where he lived in ease, raising Helen beside his own daughter, Bertha, as her sister. The widow's son also escaped the storm and the sailors' villainy. He grew to manhood, with a crown and an arrow, the crest of his house, in tattoo on his shoulder. He came to America in the king's service, and the reader has followed him

through the thrilling scenes of our romance. The papers taken from Azalea told the story of Helen's birth, and condemned Hugh Lati-

Jotham Nettleton did not ride to the old mansion with his long-lost sister. As the reader has seen, he was borne by Nick o' the Night from the dueling-ground. He reached Marion's camp, where, in the arms of the beautiful girl, so long separated from him, he breathed his warlike life away.

Marion's men made his grave and a devout partisan—for in those days men prayed as well as fought—prayed for the eternal repose of the

Helen's welcome to Azalea was cordial. The slaves were delighted to see the "young miss-us" again, and Marion and his men did not ride away until they had feasted at the tables where Cornwallis and Rawdon had drunk to the

uccess of King George's cause.

When they did gallop off, it was with cheers for liberty, and Nick o' the Night, who had yielded to the arguments of sweet smiles to tarry at Azalea, more than half-wished himself

among the gallant riders. Our romance approaches its end. Helen was overjoyed to find herself once more in the old house, and the—sisters I was going to say, again looked love and delight into

each other's eyes.

Very soon Dorchester was wrested from the nemy, and the British found themselves confined to Charleston and the neighboring islands. But one event threw a gloom over the country. The brave Colonel Hayne-one of the characters of our story—was captured by the enemy, taken to Charleston, and basely executed. He was one of the noblest patriots of the South, and died like a hero—a martyr to the

cause of American freedom. By-and-by the last cloud of darkness passed rom liberty's sky. A cry of rejoicing sounded hroughout the land, for Cornwallis was taken, and the freedom of America secured

Then Nick o' the Night sheathed his sword, and put the spurs aside; then Santee rested in the stables at Azalea, and Whig, his canine riend, slept in the shadow of its palmettoes. Then there was a double wedding at the old mansion, Marion giving one bride away, and

Essay Wingdon returned to England with Lord Rawdon before the conclusion of the war, and no one regretted his departure.

"He is dead!"

Captain Clayton purchased the Wingdon estate, and long after the war a solitary man of looked down deep into her eyes.

moment. How do you like the plan of bat- the outlawed dragoon smiled. "But get me diminutive stature and a bronzed face often flit-

It was Francis Marion, who dismissed his We are not enemies. Have you got the band when liberty no longer needed the service of their swords!

THE END

Silver and Gold.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THEY stood together in the staid, old fash-ioned parlor of the farm-house—Laura Payn and her lover, John Ellsworth. From this same room, nearly six months ago, had been carried the coffin of Laura's kind stepfather; and from the same spot, one week ago, went the coffin of her mother; and in this same room, in a very short time, John Ellsworth and Laura expected to stand for the ceremony which gave them to each other forever.

Had expected, I should have said. For these deaths had left Laura as the sole home-keeper, with a load of debt resting upon the little farm, and the care of two young sisters. It was a heavy burden for the shoulders of a girl of eighteen, but Laura took it up bravely, determined to sacrifice all her own life and prospects rather than betray her trust.

She sent for John, and told him what was before her, told him she could not and would not burden his life at its very outset with her weight of care. And offered him his freedom, or the alternative of waiting long years till her new duties were discharged, and she

was free. Long and earnestly John strove to combat her resolution. But Laura knew she had right on her side-she would not yield, hard as it

was to resist him whom she so loved. They stood together, John's strong arm about Laura's waist, her head resting on his broad breast, her long, rich brown hair, "gold in the sunlight, brown in the shade," falling against his shoulder, her soft brown eyes raised to the face which he bent over

her, as he plead, almost for his life.
"No, John; no, dear," answered poor Lau ra. "You are noble and generous, but I will not, no, John, I will not drag you down and cripple your energies at the very start with this burden of debt and these two helpless girls.

"But you, a frail woman, can assume this burden which you think too great for a strong man!

"John, it is my sacred duty—a trust left by my dying mother, and by their father, al-so, and I must fulfill it. No, John. Since you wlli not be free, we must wait."
"Oh, Laura, how long?" "I don't know-long years, it may be-

perhaps not very many. I may succeed, and the girls, one of them, at least, may marry But I will not have you bound, John If you see another woman you can love, win her and be happy, as I would have made you, if I could."

"Oh, Laura, do you love me? Do you, Laura?"

"Do you doubt it, John?" "No. But you put me clear away from "Because I must, John, not because I wish.
Please don't make my duty harder.

Leave me now, John." "Very well, Laura. I go, then. And, Laura, remember, I am always yours. I shall never seek any other. If there is such a thing as true heart-mates, I believe we are

such, and if I never win you, darling, I shall never call any woman wife. Now, Laura, one promise—will you give it to me?" "Yes, John, if I can." "It is this-when you feel yourself free to ome to me, summon me to your side. I shall

wait patiently until the summons comes, but I shall not seek you till it does. Will you promise to send for me?"
"Yes, I can promise that." "God bless you then! I shall wait, hope-

fully and bravely as I can, for that day to come. And now, dearest, since you will it so, we must part." They parted, "with sighs and tears, as lovers always do," and Laura took up her self-

appointed task alone. It was no light one. The farm was heavily ourdened, and Rose and Lily were as helpless as two babies, or as the spoiled children they

But by patient industry, prudence and conomy, Laura lifted the debt, little by lit-When she had toiled for three years, Lily met with a fall upon the ice, and was left a crippled invalid for the remainder of her

in the spring after, the last payment was made, and Rose was married. Poor Laura had looked forward to these two events as the hour of her freedom, when she might call John to her, and let Lily live with them.

But, alas! Lily was a helpless, fretful, expensive invalid: John had not succeeded very well in business; she could not bring this burden into her home with him. No. wait longer. That patient heart tried to school tself to do so, but it was weary work some

Lay lived for nine long years, never able to do one thing for herself. Can you realize what a task this was for Laura? And the brave patience with which she bore it?

But at last Lily was laid to rest, and Laura was free. Meantime. John had gone to build up his fortunes in a newer country, and now Laura hesitated to call him back. She looked at herself in her glass. Care and thought and anxiety had faded her youthful beauty, and marked her smooth forehead with slight wrinkles. She knew that people called her an 'old maid "-she was not the fresh young girl John had loved and wooed-could she offer him such a wreck of her fair, bright self Perhaps he had found new ties in the new land-she could not have expected him to sacrifice his whole life to her. No, she would not

disturb him now. She was used to giving up her hopes and plans—it did not seem so hard now, to quietly accept the lot of an old maid, and settle down to a lonely, loveless life. So, without a murmur, Laura resigned her-

self to her fate. The winter after Lily's death passed, and the

fresh, reviving spring came joyously into the land. One evening Laura sat in her little paror, watching with pensive eyes the gloriou sunset, when a footstep sounded at the frontdoor-rung through the hall - came to her door - and John Ellsworth, older, manlier, bronzed with honest labor, but otherwise just the same, stood before her!

With a glad cry Laura sprung to her feet. "John! John! Oh, John!"

He made one step forward, held out his arms and the next instant Laura was clasped to the heart from which she had been parted thir-

teen long, weary years!
A little later John held her from him, and

"Laura, you are free now. Why did you

not send for me?" "Oh, John, look here!" Laura lifted the gold-brown tresses of her still beautiful hair, and showed some streaks of silver shining amid the folds.

"Well, what of that?" asked John.
"Oh, John! see how faded and old I am. How could I ask you to care for me now?" John folded her yet more closely to his true

"You foolish, doubting, little darling! Didn't you know love never grows old! You have not grown older to me, dearest; you will always be the fair young girl I kissed my own so many years ago. What do I care for the "silver threads" in your hair, or the lost rose from your cheek? It is the heart I want, dearest! That strong, brave, faithful heart which has borne so much. Say, darling, is the long waiting over at last? Shall we grow old together?

And Laura, lifting her eyes as of old to John's face, bent so eager and earnest, with more than the love of youth, above her own, answered fervently:

"Yes, John! Together, forever!"

"Oh, wad some power the gift to gi'e us, To see ours. I's as ithers see us."

"Oh, wad some power the gift to gi'e ua,
To see ours. I's as ithers see us."

Behold that pale, emaciated figure, with downcast eye, like some criminal about to meether fate!
See that nervons, distrustful look, as she walks
along with a slow and unsteady step. The pink has
left her cheeks and the cherry her lips. The once
sparkling, dancing eyes are now dull and expressionless. The once warm, dimpled hands are now
thin and cold. Her beauty has fied. What has
wrought this wondrons change? What is that
which is lurking beneath the surface of that once
lovely form? Does she realize her terrible condition? Is she aware of the woeful appearance she
makes? Woman, from her very nature, is subject
to a catalogue of diseases from which man is entirely exempt. Many of these maladies are induced
by her own carelessness, or through ignorance of the
laws of her being. Again, many Female Diseases,
if properly treated, might be arrested in their
course, and thereby prove of short duration. They
should not be left to an inexperienced physician
who does not understand their nature, and is,
therefore, incompetent to treat them. The importance of attending to Female Diseases in their
earliest stages cannot be too strongly urged. For,
if neglected, they frequently lead to Consumption,
Chronic Debility and oftentimes to Insanity. In
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A BAD FIGHT TO FACE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The eye once said unto the ear, "You're stuck up mighty high, You needn't be stuck up so muc Though you are higher than I.

For from aloft you hearken to All stories that may come, And every scandal on the breeze Is music on your drum."

The nose turned up and viewed the eye:
"You'd better go to sleep,
I'm sure I never liked *your* looks—
In neighbors' ways you peep.

You only ope to spy the faults
And acts of your compeers;
You need a hundred lashes more,
And should be drowned in tears The mouth then said unto the nose, "What business, pray, have you To poke in other folks' affairs,

As now I see you do? Although before us you may go You're sure to be the first In every mischief that may rise, And generally the worst.

You need not sneeze, my friend, at this; A grudge I long have owed; I'd snub you, but you are too long, So, Mr. Nose, be blowed."

The ear then said unto the mouth:
"Your teeth have many bit,
And you are full of words of spite,
Which you at others spit.

You've got entirely too much lip,
I'm nearer to the top
Than you are; you are given to talk,
You'd better shut your shop."

And then an awful fight began Which raged among them all; The ear flopped down and blacked the eye, The eye then fired its ball,

And knocked the nose clear off its bridge; The nose then turned about, And gave the saucy mouth a blow That knocked its teeth clear out

Viva's Life.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"'VIVA!' such a name for a girl I never heard in all my life! I do declare, Mrs. Aus-tin, but it seems to me that no be if you hadn't called her such a fancy fly-away name the girl wouldn't be such a fancy, fly-away creature herself."

Little Mrs. Austin leaned her pale, sweet face nearer the sewing in the machine, and a tender flush of loving pride, strangely min-gled with sadness, reddening her thin cheeks.

"I like pretty names, Mrs. Ellicott, and Harry wanted the baby called Viva, if it was a girl. Almost the last words he said were: 'I want the little one I never shall see, to be named Viva, if a daughter comes to you.' And I always did just as he said, and I am so glad I did, for I had him such a little, little while.

Mrs. Ellicott winked hard; it troubled her rough, kindly heart to see how this patient little woman governed all her actions now-after seventeen years of widowhood as she had earlier—by what she thought the dead loverhusband of her girlish wifehood would have liked.

"I'm sure it's no business of mine, anyhow, Mrs. Austin, only I do venture to say and hope you will let the girl have her own head. She's as pretty as a picture—the very image of what her father was when he was a boy and her ways are very gay and—and—well, I suppose, some folks would say bewitching—I say giddy and light-hearted. You be careful of Viva Austin."

A little glow of anger, so seldom seen there, flamed in Mrs. Austin's eyes, and a quick response of maternal indignant defense on her lips; but the door opened, and Viva herself came in—truly a picture, from the pale gold hair that was the exact hue of sunshine, and that seemed all a-quiver in its burnished rippling splendor, to the dainty little foot, short, faultlessly shaped, high arched. and booted so shapely and plainly as it danced

in and out under her black alpaca street suit. Truly a picture—with the big darkly violet eyes, dancing, sparkling eyes, with their thin white lids, fringed by heaviest chestnut gold lashes, and shaded by thick brows; with the exquisite mouth so temptingly suggestive of a lover's ardent kisses, in its smiling, dimpled, pearl-teethed loveliness; with the delicate complexion like a lily petal, tinged ever so faintly with the rare hue one sees inside a

So plainly, poorly dressed, yet not a vestige of tawdry finery about her, Viva Austin had inherited too much of her artist-father's taste for that; so cheaply, commonly dressed, and yet a very miracle of perfect physical love-

And-fly-away? headstrong? impatient of restraint? If Mrs. Ellicott had spoken truth, indeed God only could deliver her from the in evitable.

She came in, bringing the fragrance of the frosty outside world with her; with her quick, graceful step, and bowed to Mrs. Ellicott with grande air a duchess might have vainly imitated. Then, she threw off her plaid blanket shawl, and little felt hat and well-mended

'A letter at last, mamma - only think! and such news—oh! such perfectly glorious news! I am sure if Mrs. Carscallen had dreamed what happiness she has offered me she never would have kept me waiting so long. She wants me to come, mamma; she has sent

for me to come!" Viva's sweet, contralto voice was fairly vibrant with excitement, and her face one passingly sweet illumination.

Mrs. Austin's own eyes glowed, but she looked deprecatingly at the eager face before her-at Mrs. Ellicott's, stern, unapproving.

"I dare say Mrs. Carscallen means you a very great kindness, dear, but do you think you had better go?"

Viva bent a puzzled look on her mother's "Why, mamma dear, I thought it was all

settled last fall when Mrs. Carscallen andand Miss Edith and—and all of them told you I had a good vo'ce and it ought to be cultiva-ted. Mrs. Ellicott, wouldn't it be a shame for me to lose such a grand chance? Why, I'll be a great singer—a prima-donna maybe, and I'll earn, oh! such lots of money, and mamma

shall come to New York and be so happy."

The girl's enthusiasm made her even more beautiful than ever, but Mrs. Ellicott's smile

was as cold as moonlight on ice. "Such a giddy, ignorant child as you are, Viva! Of course your mother won't let you go, and I shall uphold her in it. To tell the truth, Viva, I think it isn't so much your highfalutin' music lessons you are after, as it is that black-eyed, mustached young Carscallen that used to be forever looking up in the choir

when Elder Simmons was preaching." A sudden vivid scarlet rushed in a tell-tale wave over Viva's face; then she crested her head in the haughty little way so common

with her—one of the half-unconscious faults that made people call her "too high-minded," "altogether too fly-away," "just like them

"Mrs Ellicott, you can have no excuse for speaking that way to me; I can trust mamma to advise and reprove me.

"And do you take her advice, Viva. I'll run on home now, I've wasted my time too long as it is. Don't bear me a grudge, Viva; nor you, Mrs. Austin; only consider what I say-that New York's no place for a girl as pretty as Viva

The girl's blue eyes glittered as the door closed on the guest.

"Mamma, don't mind what that horrid old woman says! The idea of my not going to New York because I happen to be a little bit pretty, or because Mr. Ernest Carscallen is Mamma, of course I know Mr. Cars callen is a rich, handsome gentleman, who never will even think of a poor girl like me And I do want to take singing lessonsmamma, to me it would be almost as good as heaven to be a great singer-and, I am so tired-se tired of this little quiet town. Mamma-dear little mamma, you'll be good, and let me go, won't you?"

The girl's arms were around her neck in sweet coaxing, and her fragrant breath came in quick exhalations.

It was a moment of fateful doubt. On one side-maternal longing that this bright creature should soar above her companions by means of the gift Nature had bestowed-ar unselfish desire that the child might be happy in her own way; and on the other, a vagu half-fear to trust her from the wings that birded over the house-nest.

A warm kiss from Viva's red lips thrilled the mother—and decided her, as many a pulsing kiss from eager lips has turned the scale of

"Viva, dear, I will let you go, if you are nure you are willing to accept all of Mrs. Cars callen's conditions. No-don't answer me yet dear "-for the eyes were laughing into her own, and the red lips parting breathlessly think a moment longer. Are you willing to accept a position in Mrs. Carscallen's nursery as little Una's maid, in partial return for the musical instruction the lady is willing to give

A delicious little laugh trilled silverly on Viva's lips.

"Mamma, I believe I'd consent to be scul-lery-maid to go! And I'll write back at once that I'll be there on Monday.'

The late twilight had fallen over the city. aud a crescent moon hung in the clear dark blue, and a big, luminous star shone goldenly near it, not brighter or more luminous than Viva Austin's eyes, as she lifted them shyly to a dark, handsome face bent very near her own -a face with a black, gracefully-curled mus-

tache and smiling mouth.
"So you think then, little Viva, that it is too good to be true? I'm sure I ought to be the one to wonder at your preference for me. Honestly, I hardly expected you would answer the little note I sent to meet me here in the library at this hour. Tell me again you love me, Viva."

Mr. Ernest Carscallen lifted the girl's beautiful face, all dainty flushes, to his admiring

"Oh, please don't, Mr. Carscallen! I can tell you just as well if I don't look at you. The gentleman laughed softly.
"No, you can't! You shall kiss me, Vival

liss me, dear, because I love you. He drew her to him warmly and pressed

risses on her sweet red lips. "If it only could be so forever! But I must go, dear, now. And to-morrow night you'll be here again? Only take good care to destroy

my little love-letters, dear, will you?"
He went away in the star-shine, so handsome and grand, and Viva's heart swelled with purest, sweetest rapture as she went into the big, well-lighted music-room to practice a dif-

ficult passage in trills. Her splendid voice was rolling in great waves of melody that kept time to the glad beating of her heart, when Mrs. Carscallen sailed in stately, haughty as an empress in her trained

black silk dress, and diamonds gleaming like trenulous rainhows. Viva glanced up, the smile on her lips frozen at the cold stare it met in return.

"Miss Austin, will you have the goodness to leave the house at once? My daughter Una can dispense with the services of such an immaculate young person as yourself, who boldly makes appointment to meet my son-my son in the bay window of the library. The carriage will take you to the depot in half an

Viva's heart stood still with horror-then, all her proud young blood boiled as she sprung to her feet

"It is not true! I never made an appointnent with your son. How dare you insult me An icy little laugh scarcely parted Mrs.

Carscallen's thin lips. "That is very good, Miss Austin; I insult you! you, a young person who has deliberately made eyes at Mr. Ernest Carscallen! We need not waste words; you can leave the house at once. A telegram, explaining to your mother, will reach her before you start.

A great anguish flew to Viva's beautiful then a glow of indignation

"You cruel, wicked woman! You need not think you can make my mother believe ill of me. I will go, but I will not have your car-I would die on the road first. Her face was all aflush, her slight figure

trembling like a lily stalk in a gust.
"As you please. You may take your property if you want it." She threw Ernest's note at her, and the girl's

cheek blushed crimson as she picked it upthen she looked straight in Mrs. Carscallen's hard eyes. "It is mine; your son sent it to me; you

doubtless know its contents, and the answer it received. Your son loves me, madam, and you cannot hinder it."

Such an insolent laugh came through Mrs. Carscallen's closed lips.

"You brazen little imp! To think of the return you make me for all I have been doing for you! He loves you, does he? And do you happen to know what the 'love' of a young gentleman of leisure and wealth means? Viva's eyes were steady and grave; then, a slow, pitiful pallor crept over her counte-

"Mrs. Carscallen-you, a mother, to suggest such horror to me, a daughter!" Her dignity was superb as she walked from the room, up to her own, to pack her trunk

and take her leave. Not to the depot-but straight to the office where she knew Ernest Carscallen would be at that hour for a short time.

He was lounging in a big easy chair when she went in, and an odd smile of surprise and delight crossed his face.

"Why, if it isn't little Viva, so anxious to

see me she had to come after me. Sit down,

Viva laid her sachel on the table. "Mr. Carscallen, your mother has turned me out of doors because—because—she found that note you sent this morning, and she

The smile had faded from his eyes and lips. "The deuce! my lady mother found it! Viva, what a precious muddle you've got me

Viva's earnest eyes never left his face "And because I have told you I loved you, Mr. Carscallen-because I promised to be true, ome what might, I have come to ask you to advise me. What shall I do?"

A frown corrugated his forehead.
"Do? I am blessed if I know of any thing but to go home to your mother, and take my advice and burn your notes next time."

A perfect gust of pain swept over her face; he caught the expression, and went on, more tenderly

"But, if you stay in the city-Viva remembered his mother's words and knew for a sick certainty what was coming. "Mr. Carscallen-hush! Answer me just this. Did you mean what you have been saying these past six weeks when you told me you loved me—did you mean you loved me as an honorable gentleman does?"

A little flush surged over his handsome

"Of course I love you, Viva, this minute as

well as ever; how could a fellow as susceptible as I help it, with such a dainty, charming little girl always in the house? Viva grew paler, and her eyes bigger and

brighter Mr. Carscallen, did you intend to make me your wife when you won my acknowledgment of affection from me ?"

Her voice was low, intense and vibrant. Mr. Carscallen laughed uneasily.
"What a child you are! As if a fellow can't kiss a pair of sweet lips without being

expected to pay the penalty of mar—"
She lifted her hand, haughtily. "That will do, sir. I am only too thank ful to have learned your manly sentiments." She walked quietly from the office, her eyes almost opalescent in their concentrated glow, her lips and face ashen blue, as she went mechanically along the streets to the depot

where she purchased her ticket for home so pitifully different from the day she had An hour after, she stepped out on the little platform, her eyes still glowing, her face still white and set, to meet the first installment of Mrs. Carscallen's revenge—to meet insolent glances from the loungers at the station who

had been favored with the scathing lie of Mrs. Carscallen's telegram. It occurred to the girl at the moment, the reason, but she only crested her proud young head the higher, and walked along to the little cottage where lights seemed flashing hurriedly from window to window-where stern face met hers as she pushed open the door of the sitting-room, to see her pale, fragile mother lying like a broken lily on the lounge, and on the table, where all who chose might read, a telegram, signed Eugenia Carscallen, that

"Your daughter has committed an indiscretion that shall be nameless. She has left my roof for-

Viva's white lips gave a moan that would have melted anything less adamantine than those stern, staight-laced women's hearts. 'Do you believe it-does any one of you believe I am what that foul lie insinuates Does my mother believe it?"

Mrs. Ellicott smiled grimly as she raised her ear from Mrs. Austin's chest. "She'll never tell you whether she believed it or not. She fell as if a lightning-stroke had

fallen on her when she read it, and she'll never move again." Viva stared with haunting, piteous eyes 'My Godl My God! is she dead? And nobody believes me—nobody believes me! Mo-

only tell me you don't believe it!" She threw herself beside the pale dead face in a pitiful abandon of agony.

Ellicott's cold, not unkindly tones roused her.
"There's no use taking on like that. She's

been delicate a long while—ever since you went away. Get up; I'll see to your room." Viva struggled slowly up—only to fall imploringly at Mrs. Ellicott's feet. Tell me you don't believe it! For the love

of Heaven give me one kind word, or I shall Mrs. Ellicott met the strained agonized eyes

calmly, honestly, pityingly.
"You know best yourself if it be true.
Others have always said you were pretty high strung. As for me—I will help you if you will promise me to do right in the future."

It was more than all the rest-this answer but it went like cool steel through Viva's hot brain; she arose calm as death. "I see-may God forgive you and show you

the mercy you have denied me. I will go to my room, if you please." She stooped and pressed a long kiss on her mother's lips, and went quickly up stairs.

ppiate in the house. She could not get to eep, and her head ached so. Then. thanked a woman sweetly for a little phial of chloroform handed her, and went back to her room again.

Hours later a low, gentle voice asked of the watchers in the death-chamber if there was any

And in the flush of the bright new morning they found her—dead, with the bottle emptied and a pungent odor of its late contents on the

Past suspicion, past heartache, past care and misery. And who can say God was less merciful to the desperate soul than was human judgment?

Romance on the Rail.

II.-How Cap. Lollard Got His First Engine.

BY GUY GLYNDON

"I SAY, Cap," called out Bill Davidson, give the boys the how you got your first en-

gine."
"Oh, sho!" exclaimed Cap, "you've all heared that until it's stale.

"No, no! I've never heard it."
"Nor I." "Nor I." "Fire away, Cap. We're as fresh as but-tercups on that lay."

"I reckon there hain't none o' the present company but me that's heared it." ventured Bill, when the other voices had subsided.

"Wal, anything to please the company. If I'm elected for that partic'lar yarn, why that's then—good-by, John! when the other voices had subsided.

the one I'm boun' to spin. But first, I'll rake

out my fire-box an' heave in a stick or two, jest to keep the machine warm.
"Wal, fellers," he said, "ye see, I was firin'

under an engineer what was about as fine as they make 'em. He sported kids an' a ratan an' a plug hat. The only thing whiter'n his vest was his b'iled shirt, with a diamond cluster on the bosom; an' the only thing blacker'n his broadcloth was the all-killin'est mustache you ever sot eyes on. When he swung into the cab you'd 'a' thought he was the jeewhillataker jinks of all the highcockalorums at head-quarters. He always smelt strong of the barber's shop; an' he wouldn't 'a' took his dainty self off the box if the superintendent's

lady had wanted to ride. "His handle was Jim Talford; an' I s'pose that was as good as any other. Fur his kind o' man, he done his work well enough; any-

how, he didn't spree it when he was on duty so they paid him his wages an'no fault found "O' course he never touched the oil-cup-that wouldn't 'a' gone down with his lavender kids. But there's engineers what crowds their fireman worse'n he did; so, though I never cottoned to him partic'lar, we got along.

"One thing-I always had a sneakin' notion that, though he was so fine and big-feelin', he'd squeal if you got bim in a tight pinch. I don't Sometimes them dandy fellers is the very devil on wheels when you put 'em to it; but somehow I didn't think he was one o

"Wal, it all went along as fine as a fiddle, until one day a leetle chap with bushy whiskers an' eyes like gimblets come pokin' his nose about. He squinted at everything, from the toe of the pilot to the couplin'-pin o' the ten-

der. Then he sings out:
"'Hallo! I say, there! can I ride with 'Jim was swingin' of his heels out o' the winder. He kept a-pullin' at his cigar an' vatchin' of the rings o' smoke, never lookin'

at the leetle chap out on the platform, no more'n if he'd been a chipmunk on a log. "So the stranger he sings out ag'in, steppin" up clos't under the winder 'My Christian friend, have you any ob-

jections to my riding with you?"
"'Hallo!' says Jim, mighty big-Injinish. Did you speak to me? "Yes, sir; I spoke to you,' says the other, kind o' slow, an' squintin' his eyes so's you

could scurcely see 'em. ' 'Ah!' says Jim, a-tossin' of his cigartump over the feller's head. 'An' what do I understand that you said?

"I asked if it would be agreeable for you to let me ride with you,' says the leetle man. "'Oh, I hain't no objections,' says Jim. If you pays your money, you kin ride along with me—in the coach, where the other passen-

gers ride!' He thought it a mighty fine joke; but the leetle chap he'd sold only squinted his eyes

"' May I ask who you be f' he says, quiet-" Ask away; but don't take up too much time,' says Jim, laughing at his own cute

"Wal, then, who be you, anyway? says the stranger.
"'Me? Who be I?' says Jim, a-drawin' of

himself up, an' lookin' at the leetle chap mighty sharp. 'Wal, I reckon I'm the man what runs this hull machine. When I say go, she goes, an' when I say stop, she stops. Is that plain ?'
"'Yes,' says the stranger. 'You're what

they call the engineer!

"'That's just it, to a T,' says Jim. 'Fur
onct you've struck the nail plump on the head. now, my inquisitive friend, may I ask

who you air ?"
"'Certainly,' says the stranger, paying him in his own coin. 'Wal, who air you ?' says Jim, r'ilin' when

the laugh was turned on himself.
"'Who am I? says the leetle feller, fumblin' in his pocket; an' his eyes was like leetle black beads. 'Hyer's my card; an' you kin see fur yourself-if you know how to read!' With that he pokes a bit o' pasteboard in

Jim's paw, an' walks off, as cool as a May mornin' "Jim looked at the card! Then he turned the color of b'iled lobster. Then he looked after the stranger, who was chalkin' it off down the platform, with nothin' in sight but his back an' the whiskers blowin' out both sides of his head. To top off with, Jim cussed an'

swore like a pirate.
"I caught sight of the name. It was our new superintendent! You bet I was tickled. It was enough to keep me good-natured for two straight weeks. But it wouldn't do fur to

have him see me laugh; so I begun chuckin'in wood like a two-year-old. Jim was mad, now; an' he put things through that day, ur I'm a liar! The leetle superintendent had b'usted out both the cylin heads fur him; an' Jim whaled away,

"We had gone about forty mile this way. when we come to the bluffs nine mile out o' Cedarburg. The first bluff goes up two hun-dred an' fifty feet perpendic'lar; an' the road hugs the foot of it close on a sharp curve, down grade the way we was goin'. the bluff the valley spread out into a sort o

Jim rounded that bend at about thirty-five mile an hour. An', fellers, the ha'r jest begun to creep up the back o' my head, when I see what was in that pocket! Seven hundred ord o' wood, piled on both sides of the track, was a-blazin' away fur keeps, you bet! The wind blew the smoke up the pocket; so we hadn't a minute's warnin'. Hoss, we was sailin' into a first-class Tophet, an' no mistake: fur seven hundred cord o' wood don' make no

fool of a fire, dog my cats if it does!
"You understand when rails gits hot they expand; an' when they gits too long fur the place they're laid fur they wabble out o' line in almost any direction. I've seen 'em myself as crooked as barrel hoops. An' you un stand further, if we got throwed in that there fire, we was booked fur t'other place, sartin

"Jim see the hull thing at a flash; an' fur five seconds he sot on the box like a wooden man, whiter'n the bosom of his b'iled shirt. Then he whistled fur brakes like a lunatic. reversed the lever, an' piled out o' the cab winder, end over end, never takin' time to jump, but goin' it blind. "Wal, fellers, it don't take long to think

when you stand a-lookin' straight into Tophet. I knowed I could foller Jim's lead an' jump; but I knowed, too, that that train was goin to be stalled right in the middle o' that red-hot hell o' fire, if I didn't prevent it.

"I looked down the track. The ties was a-smokin', but the iron wa'n't warped any yet. That didn't count fur much, though, fur the minute the rails felt the weight o' the engine they might warp up in front four feet high;

"But there was a chance—a mighty slim

one—that we might skin through; an' I put my pile on that chance. "Jim hadn't much more'n struck the ground,

when I jumps over to his side, whistles off the brakes, throws the lever back, an' opens the throttle wide. Fellers, that engine just jumped ahead, like a hoss when you prod him with the spurs. The next minute we was a-

kitin' through that fire like a ring-tailed comet!
"Hot? Jeewhillakers! you bet it was hot! I squat down on the cab floor, half-choked to death by the smoke. An' all the while I waited for semethin' to happen; an' it come. I could feel by the motion of the train that the tracks was off somewheres.

"If it was the hind car, an' the couplin's held, an' the rest kept the track, we might skin through yet; so I held my breath an' hung

on like grim death. "It seemed as if we was in that furnace ten years. But at last we cleared the fire, an' I got a breath o' cool air. Then I knowed that your humble servant was hunky-dory. The engine was through; but I didn't know how

many cars was left.
"I jumps up, whistles fur brakes, an' reverses the lever. As we begun to slack up," we got a bump; an' I knowed that a couplin had broke somewheres, an' the follerin' cars had run into us, after the divide.

"As I couldn't do nothin' more in the cab, I got on to the step an' swung out as far as I ould, yet not leavin' the engine. Fur a sureenough fact, we had dropped the last two coaches; an' they had stopped about three coach lengths behind the rest o' the train, yet fur enough from the fire. But the last coach was blazin' away like a pine torch, an' the people a-pilin' out of it neck an' heels! The suc tion that a train always kicks up had drawn the flame in against the hind end; an' the paint an' varnish caught in a way that wa'n't slow. The coach had jumped the track jest before we cleared the fire, an' run twenty rods with everything on the ties. The coach jest ahead

was hind trucks off, but not much slued. "That train wa'n't long in emptyin', you bet! All the passengers was safe, excep' some bruises, an' one broken arm belongin' to a woman what got tramped under foot in the rush to git out. Besides this, there was some dresses torn, an' bonnets set awry, an' plug hats

stove in, an' a good deal of scare.

"We hitched on to the next to the last coach, an' tried to save it; but it caught fire, an' we had to drop it again, an' let it go with the other. Then we looked to the damage to the train. The varnish an' paint had all run down an' spoilt the prettiest engine that ever left a shop, an' the coaches was all scorched brown. As fur the track we'd jest passed over, the rails was as crooked as grape-vines. It made you feel streaked jest to look at it.

By this time Jim Talford come limpin' up, havin' walked around the fire. He was in as sorry a pickle as you ever see His eyes an' ha'r was full o' sand; his clo's was tore; his b'iled shirt was blacker'n a wiper; an' was everywheres. He looked chuck full o'swear, clean up to the nozzle.

"The leetle superintendent spys him the first clatter; an' he steps up to him, an' he says, says he:

"'Hello, you!—engineer! where in thunder did you come from! You look like a walkin' hospital!'
"An' Jim—lookin' runnin' over with swear, but mighty perlite spoken—he says, says he:

"'I fell out o' the winder.'
"'Um! Oh! Yes! You fell out o' the winder!' says the superintendent, slow an' sarcastic—"after whistlin' fur brakes! Ah! yes! you fell out o' the winder!"

Then he turns to me, an' he says, says he: "'Young man, I s'pose you're the fireman?"
Yes, sir,' says I, slicker'n grease, fur I'd cut my eye-teeth, an' begun to smell a mice!
"'Did you whistle off them brakes?' says

the superintendent, eyin' me sharp.
"'Yes, sir,' says I, ag'in. "'It wa'n't your business to do it, was it?" says he, a frownin'.
"But I knowed a thing or two, an' didn's care out with a cent; so I says, says I, as in-

nercent as an unborn babe, says I:
"'No, sir; it wa'n't my reg'lar business; but made bold to do it howsomever. 'An' what fur did you do it?' says he "Wal,' says I, 'I seen that, if them brakes was put on, this train was goin' on a bee-line to Tophet—'cause why!—'cause she'd'a' stoppel

in the middle o' that wood-pile yonder. only show was to go straight ahead, an' take the chances o' the rails keepin' to the bed.' "'But didn't you have time to fall out o' the other winder? says the superintendent. "'I reckon I could 'a' jumped,' says I.

But if I had, you'd 'a' gone to the dev— I beg your pardon! I meant to say the train 'u'd 'a' gone up the flume, sure!' gone up the flume, sure! "'I s'pose, now, you know how to run this hyere machine, don't you?' asks the superin-

tion, if Jim's too bad hurt,' says I. "An', fellers, I was a laughin' in my sleeve all the time; but outside you'd 'a' took me fur "'All right,' says the superintendent.
'Drive ahead. But if you fall out o' the win-

'I reckon I kin take her into the next sta-

der, I'll ship you, sure!' "Then he give me one o' the brakesmen to fire, an' told Jim he'd better pile into the baggage-car an' make himself comfortable. Another brakesman was sent around to t'other side o' the fire to flag any approachin' train.

the superintendent poked his head into the baggage car, an' he says, says he:

"'Don't leave no winder open, or the engineer may ketch cold, even if he don't fall

"Of course I put that train through; an' when we got to head-quarters Jim was shipped, an' I was put in his place. An' that's how got my first engine."

A MYSTERY OF PERFUME. - No one has yet been able to analyze or demonstrate the essential action of perfume. Gas can be weighed, but not scents. The smallest known creatures—the very monads of life—can be caught by a microscope lens and made to deliver up the secrets of their organization, but what is it that emanates from the pouch of the musk deer that fills a whole space for years and years with its penetrating odor-an odor that an illimitable number of extraneous substances can carry on without diminishing its size and weight, and what is it that the warm summer air brings to us from the flowers, no man has yet been able to determine. So fine, so subtle, so imponderable, it has eluded both our most delicate weights and measures and our strongest senses. If we come to the essence of each odor, we should have made an enormous stride forward, both in hygiene and in chemistry, and none would profit more than the medi-cal profession if it could be as conclusively demonstrated that such an odor proceeded from such and such a cause, as we already know of sulphur, sulphurate hydrogen, ammonia and the